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The BYSTANDER

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What's On

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHARLOTTE'S PROGRESS.—A play by Ashley Dukes; the new "nymph errant" is played by Joan White: Mercury, 9 (except Mon.).

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last weeks.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes revived, with George Grossmith as Horner: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. Last weeks.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last weeks.

LIBEL!—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion, as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée (Jill Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OHEL.—The Palestine Theatre present a series of plays: Scala, 8.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary, Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell, Glyn Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.—Stratford-on-Avon. Nightly at 8. Matinées, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VILLAGE WOOING.—Shaw at his gayest, admirably played by Sybil Thorndike and Arthur Wontner, coupled with *The Little Man*, a satirical trifle by Galsworthy: Little, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps, witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

HAPPY WEEK-END.—A musical farce, with nice tunes, and comedy-bubbles blown by the two Hungarians, Magda Kun and Steve Geray, and Louise Browne leading the English team: Duke of York's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Fortune, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Last weeks.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ELIZABETH SLEEPS OUT.—Leslie Howard's comedy, with George K. Arthur, Frank Cellier, Helen Haye, and Maisie Darrell: Whitehall, 8.15.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.—A comedy of "bundling" in Declaration-of-Independence America, delightfully acted by the successful New York cast, with Peggy Conklin and Tonio Selwart as heroine and hero: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

THE SIX OF CALAIS.—Bernard Shaw's new play is coupled with his *Androcles and the Lion*: Open-Air Theatre, to-night.

BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES DE MONTE CARLO.—All last year's favourites, with four new ballets as well, danced by Riabouchinska, Danilova, Baronova, Massine, Woizikovsky, and the rest; the L.P.O. plays, conducted by Kurtz and Dorati: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Grand Night of Gala, to-night, 8.15.

CINEMAS

EVERGREEN.—Jessie Matthews has her own part in the film version of C. B. Cochran's revue, with Sonnie Hale playing opposite: Marble Arch Pavilion.

GLAMOUR.—With Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas. And with it is *I'll Tell the World*, starring Lee Tracey and Gloria Stuart: Capitol.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER.—The clever Joan Blondell stars in this, and in *Merry Wives of Reno* are Margaret Lindsay, Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee; both films are comedies: Regal.

LIEBES KOMMANDO.—A Viennese comedy, with Dolly Haas as the girl who served in an Austrian regiment, and Gustav Froelich as the man she falls in love with: Academy.

MADAME DUBARRY.—A big part for Dolores del Rio, Reginald Owen plays Louis XV.: Carlton.

MAN OF ARAN and WINGS OVER EVEREST.—A good double "programme of reality": Polytechnic.

MOULIN ROUGE.—The lovely Constance Bennett has a double rôle in a back-stage comedy: Leicester Square Theatre.

PRINCESS CHARMING.—A musical comedy, with Evelyn Laye as the charming Princess, Yvonne Arnaud and George Grossmith: New Gallery.

SPY 13.—A spy drama with Marion Davies and Gary Cooper, into which the Four Marx Brothers have somehow strayed: Empire.

TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Brilliant satirical comedy; John Barrymore gives his best acting as the egoist producer, and Carole Lombard surpasses herself as his wild protegé: Plaza.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Pearl Rivers and some girls in a song-and-dance show. Louis Simmonds and his band play: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band plays, and there's always a good cabaret.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Cabaret at midnight; Howard Jacobs and his band make dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner, or supper: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls dance, with Sunny O'Dea and Marguerite and Leroy, as stars; Jack Jackson's band plays. One can dine outside on the terrace: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng is again in residence every midnight; Jock Harris and Lew Stone play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—Frakson, the man with a million cigarettes, Maurice Lea, a comedian, and Mansfield and Lamar, ball-room dancers: extension, Friday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

(*Continued on page* A)

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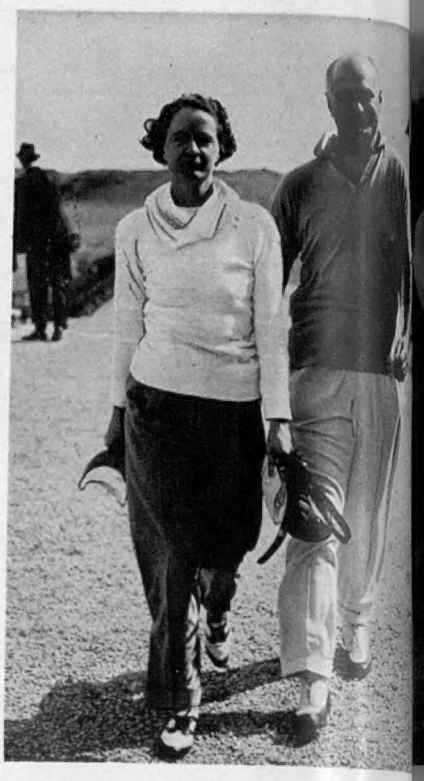
The BYSTANDER

DOLORES DEL RIO AS MADAME DUBARRY

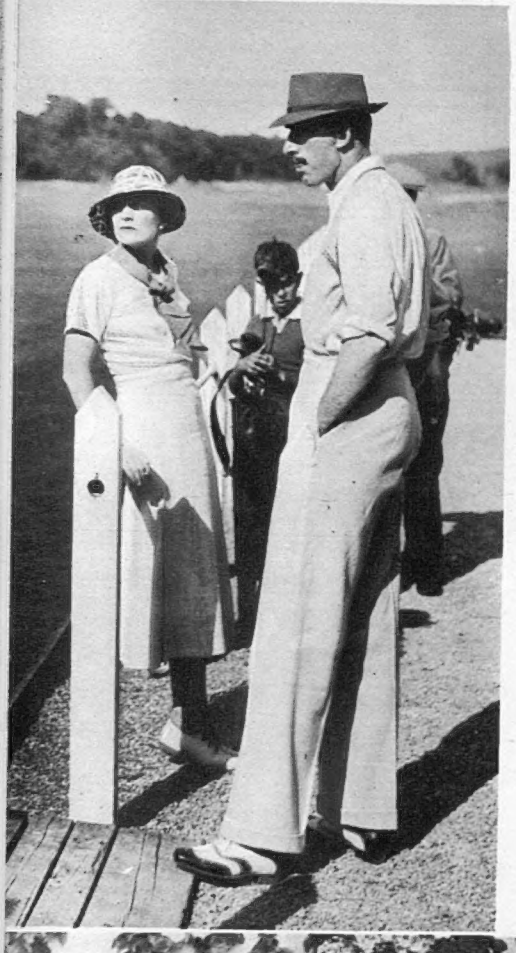
Dolores del Rio is lovely, alluring, capricious; she has, as Louis XV. says in the film, "just that little something," and it won her the part of the royal favourite in the Hollywood Versailles of "Madame Dubarry." But just as the courtiers at that Versailles have American accents, so Dolores del Rio remains a Hollywood courtesan, despite her royal and eighteenth-century setting. The whole Atlantic rolls between His Majesty's, where Annie Ahlers played Dubarry so deliciously for so many months, and the Carlton, where the film is now running

Left: Lord Wharncliffe, who was one of the last eight in the handicap competition, Mrs. Field, and Mr. and Mrs. Tremayne

Below: Mr. Jack Dunfee and Miss Benita Hume, the Hon. Drogo Montagu, Mr. Jimmy Rutland, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Emmanuel, and, sitting in front of them, Capt. Jock Campbell



Brig.-General A. C. Critchley, the new M.P. for Twickenham, went over for the week-end to play in the Buck's Club matches. With him is Mrs. Critchley



Left: Mrs. Gerard Leigh and Lord Grimthorpe waiting in the evening sunshine for the next round to start

Buck's Club Go Golfing

The Annual Week-end at Le Touquet

Below: Major Rex Benson, Mrs. Ryan, Mr. Koch de Gooreynd, and Mrs. Reginald Winn, sitting in the shade

Below: Lady Moyra Lyttelton, in an amusing checked gingham dress, looking at the English Sunday papers

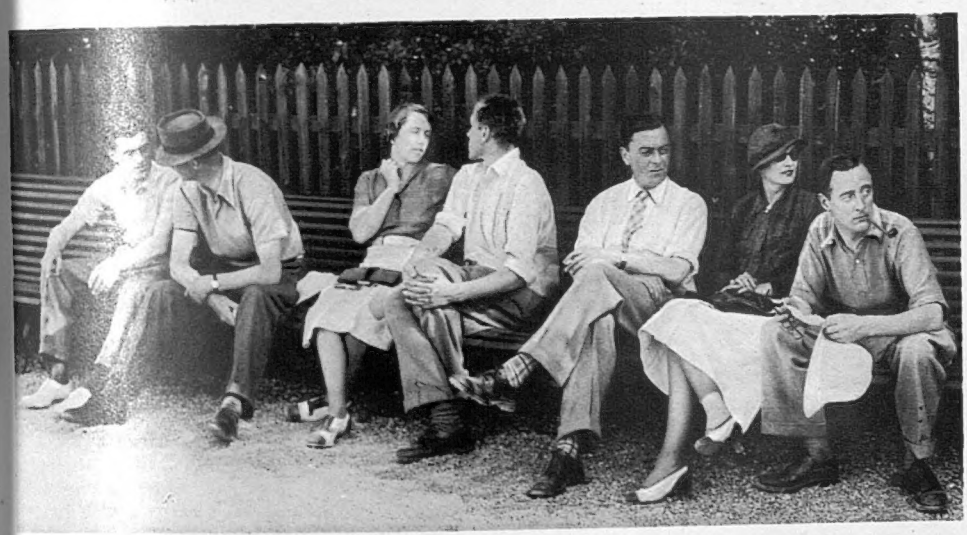
Below: Mr. Charlie Mill and Sir Alfred Beit were another couple of players who went over to Le Touquet

Mrs. John Ryan, whose husband won the competition by beating Captain Lex Wilson in the final, and Lady Morvyth Benson

Above : Countess Paul Munster walking arm-in-arm with her brother-in-law, Mr. Michael Hornby. Her husband, Count Paul Munster, was another of the last eight competitors

Mrs. Charles Sweeny, her mother-in-law, Mrs. Robert Sweeny, and Captain Jack Hawkins were out on the golf-course in the comparative coolness of the evening

Right : Mrs. Corcoran, looking very neat and business-like, walking from the club-house towards the first tee with Mr. Rhodes



Above : Lord Haddington, Mr. Gilmour, Lady Allendale, the Hon. Dennis Fortescue, the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, Mrs. Lex Wilson, whose husband won last year and was runner-up this year, and Sir Hugh Seely

Left : Lord Portarlington and his boater didn't miss the Buck's week-end, of course ; standing with him is Mrs. F. Douglas

Right : Mrs. Clive Burn talking to Sir Norcot Warren, who is the late managing governor of the Imperial Bank of India

Miss Winifred Paget arriving at her home, Ibstock Place, Roehampton, after her marriage at Brompton Oratory to Mr. Guy Carleton, only son of Brig.-General and Mrs. M. L. Carleton. Miss Paget, who is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, wore white lace over moiré. Her bridesmaids, who wore white organdie over moiré, are carrying her very long train

Below: Lady Cecilia Wellesley and Miss Vivianne Parker, both débutantes, sitting in the shade in the garden at Ibstock Place

Wedding of the Week

Miss Winifred Paget Marries Mr. Guy Carleton

Right: Lady Hindlip, Miss Celia Palmer, and Lady Bridget Poulett in the marquee that sunshaded the wedding cake

Below: Mrs. Arthur Paget walking between her brother, Mr. Monty Lowry-Corry and the Hon. Mrs. Lowry-Corry

Above: Miss Lily Elsie and Miss Elsie Wilkinson were two more of the guests

Below: Miss Joan Miller sitting with Lady Domville and Miss Valerie Domville

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 59. Lady Charles Cavendish

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

I HAVE known Adèle for eleven years. We met at Tommy Douglas's flat in Park Lane before *Stop Flirting* opened. Nobody on this side had ever heard of the Astaires. And yet to-day she and Fred are exactly the same to their friends as they were then, which is a great deal more than you can say for the rest of the handful of people who have had such a comet-like rise in the show business.

Yes, Adèle is completely unspoilt, still as merry as a grig (whatever a grig's merriment may be), and makes short work of affected women, who, like umbrellas, are her chief bugbears. Wide-mouthed and laughing, with a turned-up nose and ankles as thin as a sparrow's knee-cap, Adèle will always be the perfect soubrette. And yet she does not feel the slightest regret at leaving the stage, which she did twenty-six months ago, on her marriage at Chatsworth. ("I was never really happy until I came to Lismore.")

Lismore, her home in Southern Ireland, is certainly a most beautiful castle, more like a Bavarian schloss than anything. Adèle never knows what she does there all the time, but she is busy there every minute of the day. It may be trying to catch prawns or salmon ("I still have hopes"). It may be gardening ("Well, at least I know the difference between a pansy and a rose"). Meantime, she thinks that since she left the stage Fred is better than ever. ("I feel that he was so busy playing up to me all the time that I held him back. Now the others are playing up to him.")

ADÈLE herself will never return to the stage, though some of you will no doubt have recognised her as one of the chattering ladies of the Ninth Episode in the Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall (she says this part comes very easily to her). No; Adèle is as happy as a lark in her new life. She finds things pretty nice and only hopes she will live long enough to enjoy them to the full. She likes all her in-laws, which is not always the case with young married women—and they in turn are all crazy about her. On her rare visits to London she stays at 2, Carlton Gardens, the home of her father-in-law, the Duke of Devonshire.

Adèle is devoted to her husband, to her dachshund, Tilly (named after her best friend), to shad roe, Irish bacon, and soft-shell crabs. She has a caustic tongue, a habit of screwing up her eyes when she is emphasising something, and a gift for expressive gesture so vivid that it earned the approval recently of Sir Boyd Merriman himself. One of her claims to fame is that she was the last leading lady of the Empire, in Leicester Square, and, somewhere or other, I still have the pasteboard card with her name on it which I removed from her dressing-room door on the final night, before it was pulled down and turned into a cinema.

Those Entertaining Embassies

By Mirón

Decorations by Herbert

"I LUNCHED with the French, I 'm dining with the Germans, and supping with Italians" — was what we heard during the recent climax of the London Season, in which such a big part is played by the world's most brilliant Diplomatic Corps. Without them, we would be shorn of half our glamour, and left a mere New York. The lucky inhabitants of Mayfair can travel between meals, air their "wagons-lits" French, and eat things rich and (very) strange, all on foreign soil not five minutes from Hyde Park Corner. . . .

Most of the best night fun of this summer has been at the great Embassy-parties, each rivalling the previous night's. I hope we shall hear no more nonsense about "pre-war" splendour, in the light of these blazing parties of the post-slump era. Lift up your social heads!—and admire the 1934 spectacle of Donna Antoinetta Grandi's wonderful ball for the Prince, and the visiting daughter of the Duce. A magnificent sight, those stupendously dressed women in their jewels, dancing with the world's best-looking men (only found in London), against a background of gorgeous hangings and flood-lit Old Masters. For the modern Embassy is a small museum of its native art, though far more alive and attractive than any museum. If Italy has her pictures in Grosvenor Square, Spain shows her tapestries in Belgrave Square, and Austria her treasures nearby from Vienna; while France has sent to Albert Gate the loveliest signed furniture from the Garde-Meuble in Paris.

To return to the Grandi party: there was a very modern arrangement of two bands, one for fox-trots, the other (Hungarian) for "Blue Danubes" and the like. The Prince only looked in for a short time, wearing, in honour of Italy, the Annunziata, rarest Order in the world. Lovely as was this party, there were other lovely parties that night, from Lady Ludlow's at Bath House (Lucienne Boyer singing), to the Noble's at Kent House (all the Ballet), so that the Town was on the move. Indeed, I know of one case-hardened matron who started the evening with two acts of a first night, and then did all three parties on top-gear, her husband, however, falling behind; for when I saw him at the Grandi's, he was one party behind her, and already apprehensive.

Our perfect hostess saw that everyone was happily seated at supper, and the front room downstairs was reserved for a buffet, which kept alive the spirits of those hurried travellers unable to eat three suppers—who, indeed, could? It was interesting to note that when one of the many Ambassadors present rose from a supper-table, the polite others rose, too, including King George of Greece—one of the little courtesies that give a flavour of fine eighteenth-century manners to all Embassy occasions.

ANOTHER dazzling affair, with very much the same people, was the previous night's reception by Mme. van Swinderen, at the Netherlands Legation (which is, in all countries, treated as an Embassy). The band played at the end of the long drawing-rooms in Portman Square, and the further we got from the band, the more people were sitting and talking. My mental news-reel shows me chiefly Lady Anglesey, like a superb Genoese Vandyck, in large-flowered green-and-white stiff material, with her lovely diamonds, waiting for her girls to come on from Lady Bearsted's ball (they didn't). The debs, by the way, are dropping quietly into the background now. . . . The Duchess of Northumberland looked like a queen (full of Hollywood stories), very serene in dark-blue sequins, talking to Lord Anglesey, and untroubled about her own big ball at Sion House forty-eight hours later. Princess Juliana I never saw. The Prince was talking with Baron Palmstierna (Sweden). Lady Oxford was giving Wimbledon news to Lord Elphinstone, brother of the Duchess of York. Lady Howe looked lovely in a (lovely) draught in front of a curtain—we were grateful for the cool air from the balconies. We went down late to the delicious supper, because of the equally good dinner (such lobsters!) enjoyed at the American Embassy, with Mrs. Robert Worth Bingham as hostess. Here we found a quiet informality, though we did go in to dinner arm-in-arm. No cocktails, and no coloured liveries, such as one sees at so many Embassies. Mrs. Bingham's star-guest was Mrs. Roosevelt, who looked less like her son than the photographs suggest, and who had just been to tea alone with the King and Queen, and was staying next week-end with Lady Astor, at Cliveden—a busy time at her great age. Mrs. Bingham's necklace struck me as lovely and unusual in a season notable for the return of jewellery; the palest blue sapphires on a very old setting.

Eighteenth-century manners

THE nations entertain us in amusingly different ways, quite apart from these typical grand parties. That most chic of our foreign ladies, Mme. Regis de Oliveira (Brazil), doyenne, or "senior," of them all, gives a

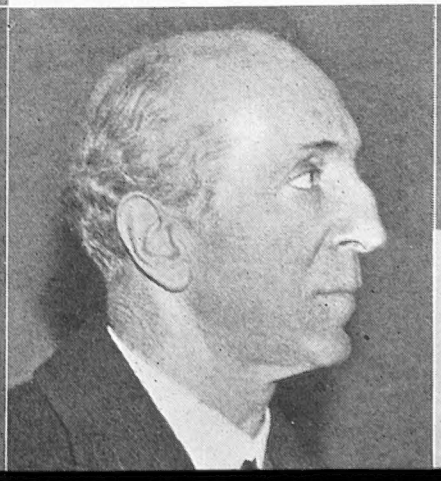
rare party at which her lovely voice is heard, and there are present many young people, because of her Sylvia, prettiest of diplomatic débutantes. Donna Antoinetta, as handsome as any Ambassadress of our time, and her party has already been mentioned. Mme. Paravicini and her lovely daughters give amusing buffet-parties, not for the elderly. Some Embassies are musical, some, like the American, are decidedly not. Particularly welcomed in the lean part of the year, when they are sensibly given, are the famous Austrian music-parties of that hard-working bachelor Minister, Baron Franckenstein. (They're so crowded, you climb down over the bodies sitting on the back stairs, to find the huge Viennese buffet supper, prepared in the house.) "Poland"—Monsieur Skirmunt, with the most perfect manners of the old régime—has given countless music-parties (famous Polish pianists, usually), after a dinner for the older people, followed by Polish supper, with beetroot soup and caviare. Gourmets adore M. Corbin's dinners for visiting French celebrities at the French Embassy. The Egyptians spoil us at Bute House, in the quieter months, with brilliant receptions. Baron von Loesch gives perfect dinners, small, but select; and buffet-receptions to visiting Germans, parties gladdened by the belle of the whole Corps, Princess Otto von Bismarck. Mme. Perez de Ayala, the popular American wife of the Spanish Ambassador (himself a great figure in European literature), gives delightful luncheons, sometimes for the women only. Their grand party for the Prince is still remembered.

THE chef rules at many Embassies, where he is often housekeeper. He is so treasured as to be almost as important as the Counsellor. I am sorry to say that the secretaries, with a few brilliant exceptions who have made personal successes, and some clever "Firsts" here and there, are increasingly insignificant (a cruel career theirs). Uninvited, unloved, unsung, even, it is rumoured, they have to pay entrance fees to night-clubs. You see them at the other (British) Embassy in Bond Street, excluded from the grandest party.

But the chefs are honoured. Who has not heard of Mme. van Swinderen's cook? Of the blue-belt fellow at Monsieur Corbin's? He has been extra busy lately with the visit of the French Foreign Minister. And there are daily luncheons for visiting native celebrities, though a grand party for the Prince may only be every other year. All these must be very carefully accounted for, usually averaging 7s. per head for luncheon, and 12s. 6d. for dinner, not including the wine from the Embassy cellar. Many an Excellency's head is reeling, not with international disputes, but the allocation of eight separate accounts.

The chef rules at many Embassies

AMBASSADORS never die! From all this regal splendour, they fall like Lucifer, poorly pensioned, and sadder than Indian judges in Hove. And this is all the stranger because the awful strain of constant eating and speaking—what is the Lord Mayor's brief year to this?—might well shorten their lives. But perhaps we are mistaken: perhaps they do not eat, but toy with their turtle, like characters on the stage. Perhaps—another illusion shattered!—they have only swallowed a soda-mint as they rise to respond, a smile on their lips: "My Lord Mayor, Your Grace, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, it is with the greatest pleasure . . ."



Left: Donna Antoinetta Grandi, wife of the Italian Ambassador; below her is M. Charles Corbin, French Ambassador. Next him is Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister; then comes Princess von Bismarck. Right: Mme. Regis de Oliveira, the Brazilian Ambassador's wife; below her is Señora Perez de Ayala, the Spanish Ambassador's wife

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Family Drama at the Seaside

Sketches by Gitano

Schoolmaster Roger Maitland (John Gielgud) being dressed as Neptune for the village pageant by his mother (May Whitty) and cousin Phyllis (Catherine Lacey)

Jack Maitland (Jack Hawkins), the gay spark of the family, and an actor, arrives home for the week-end

"The Maitlands" (Wyndham's)

THIS is a story about a family who live in a small seaside village which they hate like poison. It 's as dull as ditchwater, and the dullness cannot be relieved by leaving it, even for a time, owing to lack of money; but, thanks to the skill of the dramatist, the late Ronald Mackenzie, of *Musical Chairs* fame, there is no dullness on the stage.

As in that masterpiece, we see once again the uncanny cleverness of the author in the depicting of characters, but one of my quarrels with this play is that there is hardly one of them who can excite our sympathy. Our interest is acutely aroused, but, except in the case of a subsidiary part, that of a boy who is studying for his matric., superbly played by Stephen Haggard, who is badgered and buffeted by everyone, they are such an unpleasant gang that their ultimate fate leaves one somewhat cold.

THIS Maitland family consists of the mother (May Whitty), a stupid woman if ever there was one; and her eldest son (John Gielgud), a schoolmaster and coach of neurotic temperament, whose wife (Joan Marion) goes abroad, runs away with another man, and afterwards returns to him, to shoot herself, but with too inaccurate an aim to die.

Then there is the second son (Jack Hawkins), a conceited actor, who is always running after women; and, finally, a cousin (Catherine Lacey) who has an affair with him while being engaged to a certain Major Luddington, stout, elderly, and with just sufficient money to be able to set up house with her in London. Throw in an old school friend of the cousin's (Sophie Stewart), a mass of prim brainlessness, whose hopes of marriage with the elder son are blighted by the return of his wife, and you have all the principal protagonists in the drama.

And though there is much amusing comedy in this play, it *is* drama which wins in the end, for I have never seen a curtain fall on such a dreary outlook for all the characters concerned as in *The Maitlands*. If only we could have sympathised with as well as been interested in them, what a play this might have been!

I HAVE already handed a bouquet to Stephen Haggard, but there isn't a single member of the cast unworthy of praise. John Gielgud and Jack Hawkins, in their respective ways, give clever pictures of neurotics and conceit. May Whitty is the stupid mother to the life; while Catherine Lacey, as the cousin, and Sophie Stewart handle parts outside the ordinary with refreshing freshness. Frederick Lloyd is the very spit of the retired majors and colonels one meets at seaside places, and his acting was so good that it made bearable a far too long drunken scene which had but little bearing on the action.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Mrs. Roger Maitland (Joan Marion) appears for the first time in the last Act, but only to commit suicide by shooting herself

Wimbledon Epilogue

The Tennis Ball at Grosvenor House

Sasha

(1) Miss C. Babcock, Miss Kathleen St[illegible]ers, Miss Dorothy Round and Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen in the parade of [illegible]nis stars in Period costume, wh[illegible] took place during the Ball

[illegible]d Perry and Mrs. "Bunny" [illegible] appeared in the dress parade as [illegible]ayers of the eighteen-eighties

[illegible]iss Florrie Owen and Miss [illegible] Kingsmill were, in spite of [illegible]iss Kingsmill's anachronistic p[illegible]ed nails, of 1874 vintage

[illegible] Lady Birkenhead talking to [illegible]ess Arthur of Connaught and [illegible] George of Greece, at supper

[illegible] Princess Catherine of Russia [illegible] Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champ[illegible] The Ball, run by Lady [illegible]vertree, was for the Wallingford [illegible]me for Invalid Children and [illegible] London School for the Blind

Their Native Heath . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 3. HURLINGHAM

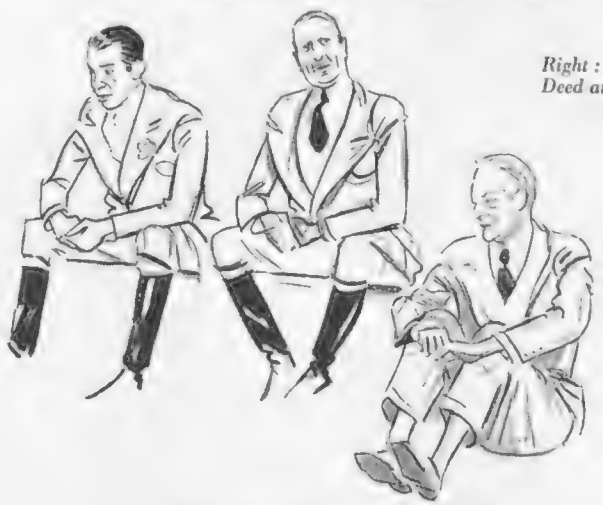
By Charles Graves

IF Crockford's is the most sumptuous club in London, Hurlingham is undoubtedly the most elegant. Two generations of dandies and their womenfolk have balanced the tea-cups on their knees there; listened to the click of the polo sticks, and walked delicately over the green lawns and round the rhododendrons. The house is typically Georgian, being built in 1760, though various additions have been made since. The verandahs and open corridors, the lounges and bars, and so on, make it an ideal place for the Eton and Harrow Ball. In its seventy-five acres of ground there are a dozen grass courts and twelve hard courts dotted about with the clipped hedges and pretty flowers so cleverly that it is quite hard to find them. There is a grand swimming-pool, and the delphiniums and antirrhinums are as good as those at Kew. The beeches wear an air of suitable age. There are two polo grounds, as well as a riding-school and an exercising track.

You will never find either a daisy or a dandelion on the polo ground, and the notice asking members to tread in the turf after each chukker is so zealously observed that it is a pity that a number of leading amateur golfers are not taken there by the scruff of their neck to see how it should be done.

Hurlingham is a members' club and not proprietary, so it is fortunate for the said members that it is exceedingly prosperous. Part of this year's profits will be diverted to the building of two squash courts, and the transforming of the grand stand into a proper pavilion on the polo ground, together with a public stand for those who are not members. Originally the Club was started for the purposes of pigeon-shooting. Even now, polo is not by any means its sole attraction. There are seven or eight croquet lawns, where one can so often see my Lord Doneraile; and there is an eighteen-hole putting course which is tricky enough for miniature golf.

ALL told, there are sixteen hundred members, who include Lord Beatty and his tilt; the Duke of Sutherland and his chin, Prince Mdivani and his so-lovely wife, Winston Churchill and his hats.



Above: Prince Alexis Mdivani, Major Jack Harrison and the Duke of Sutherland

Left: Col. Lockett and Col. Gannon

Right: Major S. Deed and L. L. Lacey

Lord Cowdray, Lord Kimberley, the Hon. Henry Guest and Col. Malise-Graham

Above: Major the Hon. J. J. Astor

Right: Capt. F. A. Gill, the Umpire

Sketches by André Glee

regulars are headed by Major Jack Harrison, that notable heavy-weight, who is always as hard as nails, and rides beautiful ponies. He is a marvellous player for his age, and is considered more or less impregnable at back. He used to play in the Blues, and has hunted all and every winter both before and after the war. His team is the Knaves. Major Harrison made his money out of shipping. He played for years with Laddy Sanford's Hurricanes, which won most of the open tournaments for a long time. Major Harrison spent seventy thousand pounds on his Grosvenor Square house, sleeps after lunch, has a tennis court most days, is terrified of getting too heavy, is a man of dominating character, and has eight daughters.

Captain Prior-Palmer, of the 9th Lancers, is called "Punch," and looks it. In polo he has never quite got there, like many other young players who were going to be the last word. He is good-looking, and attractive to the female sex, and flew home from India in eight days not so long ago in order to play with the Pilgrims.

Captain Pilkington, known as "Pilks," is a nice fellow. Works in a motor firm in Jermyn Street. Married Major Harrison's eldest daughter, having previously nearly married the former Jean Garland. Until recently he was an adjutant in the Yeomanry. Used to be in the 16th Lancers.

Pat Roark—played with Laddy Sanford for many years, and rode his ponies, none of which, it is said, had been bought for less than a thousand pounds. Some cost as much as £4500. Had a bad accident in California two years ago, and hurt his head. He still feels it. Very popular and charming if you keep on the right side of him.

Les Diables is Princess Mdivani's team. Her husband is a nice-looking fellow, with large, expressive brown eyes, and is said to be very well off. He tries very hard at polo. His team includes Couturie (Number 3), a Frenchman and a beautiful hitter, dark-skinned, usually well mounted by someone, a business man, but not fearfully rich; Captain Hanmer (Indian Cavalry), the back, and a very nice chap; and Earl Hopping, who plays Number 2.

Let us turn to Someries House, Sir Harold Wernher's team. Sir Harold is a first-class business man, but in the world of sport will be best known as the owner of Brown Jack, who cost him £700, and has won him over £30,000 in the stake. The team itself is disappointing, although he has got Lacey playing for him. Lacey's family run a sports shop in Buenos Ayres, and though born in Canada he has lived most of his time in the Argentine. His father was the cricket professional at the Hurlingham Club in Buenos Ayres.

Luis Lacey is a charming person, slightly on the down grade in polo; has a pretty Anglo-Argentine wife, and when asked by the former Lord Inchcape some years ago to remain and play with him as professional, refused, and quite rightly, too.

Desmond Miller, 17th Lancers, son of a famous father, is attached to the Air Force now that his regiment is abroad. Also plays polo for this team, and rides Sir Harold Wernher's hunters. In fact, is a kind of A.D.C. to the household. Has long eyelashes, and is considered by some people to be very good-looking. He goes like smoke out hunting, but is not always so energetic in polo.

Captain Horsburgh Porter is a cavalryman, and a promising player.

So much for the top-notchers, among whom, however, one must include, of course, H. P. Guinness, the finest polo player now going. Scots Greys. Rather jumpy. At present on the sick list. A great asset to English polo. Taught himself in India to be a good horseman, and also to hit, by having black boys bowling him polo balls. Others, moreover, said he rode badly. Yet put up a fine show in the last International match. Drives a car very fast. A good horseman now, with good hands. Played in two teams last year, and did too much. Turned his car over on his way from Tidworth to Hurlingham. Got there an hour late, but played a star game. I hope he will soon be back in polo.

Lord Kimberley, formerly Lord Wodehouse, is an old International player. Very outspoken on professionalism in polo (Hurlingham Committee). Wants to stamp it out.

Colonel Ritson used to be a very fine player also, but having had his inside short-circuited, is rather delicate. Gave up polo seven years ago. Is now Chairman of the Hurlingham Committee. His wife is a sister of Lord Airlie, writes novels, travels extensively, and is mad about dogs. Major Astor played racquets for Eton nearly thirty years ago. Does not play polo, but is Chairman of the Hurlingham Club. Lord Barnby is a former Master of the Blankney. Wool merchant. Was very rich, apparently, when his father died. Then found that things were not quite so good, and as a result of the slump had to give up pleasure for business. Has made a brilliant job of the reorganisation of the family business. Admires Americans and their methods very much. Has a forthright manner, and slightly staring eyes. It would be a great asset if he returned to the polo world.

Lord Cholmondeley is super good-looking. Used to roller-skate. Married Sir Philip Sassoon's sister. Plays tennis on the Continent. Did not become a captain in the 9th Lancers. Gave up polo seven or eight years ago.

Sir Harold Snagge is the man who is responsible for the reorganising of the Club's finances. He is to be congratulated on it.

Captain Scott Robson played in the Merchiston team in 1931, which won the Champion Cup and the Ranelagh Open Cup. Had no success last year with the Someries team. Played for several years with Lord Barnby before he chucked polo. Ought to play again.

One must not forget either Major Cooke, the small, tubby genius who is in charge of the stables, nor Colonel Gannon, the new secretary, a thin-faced, sad-eyed man, who formerly commanded Sam Browne's Cavalry in India.

I have no space for the Aurora team, but they are good fellows, beautifully mounted, and deserved all the success they had. They have guts, too.

"*Princess Charming*"

Evelyn Laye as the musical-comedy Princess, and Max Miller as Chuff, insurance company's agent and escaped lunatic, in the latest Ruritanian romance, now running at the New Gallery

George Grossmith, as a bankrupt King, and Yvonne Arnaud, as his favourite Countess, provide the salt of humour for the "Princess Charming" fricassee

The Passing Picture Show

Courts — Royal and Legal

By Sydney Tremayne

I FEEL rather self-reproachful for having, last week, grumbled that "important" pictures were not shown in the summer time: immediately we are regaled with First National's truly magnificent *Madame Dubarry*, with the exotic Dolores del Rio in the name-part, and Gaumont-British have unveiled *Princess Charming*, a Gainsborough Picture in the very best traditions of screen musical comedy, with Evelyn Laye singing even better than she has ever sung before.

IN *Madame Dubarry* Dolores del Rio gives a raucous and rather crude interpretation of the capricious little vulgarian who became Louis XV.'s last mistress. The volatility, the expensiveness and imperiousness of the favourite who outraged even the French Court, are there, but the underlying wisdom and subtlety are missing, though del Rio certainly achieves the effect attributed to her by one of the characters of being all women in one—"a dairy-maid in the morning, a duchess in the afternoon, and a strumpet at night."

Reginald Owen once more ascends the throne with majesty. He is practically permanent screen-King of France, and is admirably suited as the sated Louis XV., rejuvenated by the one woman who ignores his kinghood in favour of his manhood. His resonant, rich voice, mellow and smooth as matured wine, has an infinite range, humorous, commanding and even fatuous. His death-scene is the most dignified ever achieved in Hollywood. There is a little inconsistency between his majestic, robust gait on ceremonial occasions and the doddering he assumes with *déshabille*, and when being run off his feet by the mercurial du Barry. He has the best line: when asked "What has she that other women have not?" he answers, "Not very much, perhaps, but just that little something which makes me forget that I am nearly sixty."

As the fat Dauphin, future Louis XVI., who is always either "fixing something or eating something," Maynard Holmes looks the part, but his strong American accent comes strangely from the lips of the eighteenth-century royal bumpkin, and the same objection applies to Anita Louise as Marie Antoinette. Her imperiousness is stressed, but she does not for a moment, in appearance or conduct, suggest the little Austrian Princess.

The long and strong cast includes Ferdinand Gottschalk as the highly tried major-domo; Verree Teasedale, a beautiful *intrigueuse*, as the Duchesse de Grammont; Osgood Perkins, an aquiline and aristocratic Richelieu; and Victor Jory, a handsome d'Aiguillon. All the best-known incidents are introduced: the whole of Paris' sugar supplies commandeered to simulate snow when du Barry would go sleigh-riding in August; her scandalous appearance at Court in a nightgown when her enemies stole her clothes and abducted the only lady who would act as *marraine* for her presentation. Versailles in all its glory provides truly magnificent settings.

EVELYN LAYE looks ethereally lovely in *Princess Charming*, and is, perhaps, right to keep the part on the completely superficial plane where song substitutes for sentiment. Hers is one of those fantastic revolutionary States reigned over by musical-comedy Princesses. She is forced to escape over the frontier to marry an impecunious and amative King, a part to which George Grossmith brings all his familiar and effective humorousness. His witty and tenacious lady friend is played with her unique sense of comedy values by Yvonne Arnaud. Ivor Barnard, as a comic revolutionary leader, who wears a too-small bowler and a coat with fur on its outside, does a good deal with a part which just falls short of satire—oddly cast, when one remembers his moving performance as Krirgelin in the *Grand Hotel* play. The production is gay and polished, the settings good, and photography and cutting excellent.

FROM royal Courts, historical and fantastical, the third film of the week takes us to the grimmer atmosphere of a law court. In *The Great Defender*, Matheson Lang is the famous counsel, Sir Douglas Rolls, who, himself dying, successfully defends the artist husband of the woman he once loved, accused of murdering the model who was also his mistress. Matheson Lang's voice seems to have lost something of its power, but this is perhaps in character, since the K.C. he represents is struggling with illness while in Court, and he is convincing as the great cross-examiner. Arthur Margetson, as the accused man, is sound throughout. Margaret Bannerman, as the wife, who attempts to prove an alibi for her husband, but breaks down in the witness-box, has a rather too difficult part, and Jeanne Stuart, as the murdered model, is not very profound. Richard Bird is well cast: it is not his fault that there is practically no indication that he is so unstable and "religious" that he would murder the girl "to save her soul," so that his breakdown in court loses verisimilitude. A good, sound drama of its kind.

A Buffoon in Love

John Tilley in "The Private Road"

This is John Tilley in his first straight part in "The Private Road," at the Comedy. As a music-hall comedian he's in the top flight: his character-sketches of the scoutmaster, hopelessly moo-ing for his "Buffaloes," of a chairman coping with a directors' meeting, are unique creations. Now he is a schoolmaster in love, and he deals with his emotional problems with the same beautiful vagueness, the same inane absurdity, the identical worried solemnity that have made him London's favourite buffoon

Photographs by John Everard

"Look at the Way our Schools Bungle the Subject of Sex"

D

Our Anti-Cyclone Stays for the Week-end

Painting Royal Henley's Picture

Sir John Lavery went to Henley on Finals day, but not just as an idle spectator; he got to work in one of the stands, and chose the kaleidoscopic scene on the riverside lawns as a subject for one of his pictures

The New English Su

This is a Sunday tea-party by the bathing-pool at Le the week-end. In fact, it's a good deal easier to bath it is on the south coast of England since Imperial

Mrs. Evan Thomas and Miss Mary Collins were photographed at the Chepstow Summer Meeting on Welsh Derby Day

Miss D'Arcy Defries (Oddments) a Lady Priscilla Willoughby (Valk after the polo match between their

Outdoor News from Here and There

Going Abroad for the Day

where it's now as easy to go for the day as it is for north coast of France (one hour from Croydon) than started their Sunday return trips across the Channel

Below: Mrs. Leslie talking to the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall and Mrs. John Bott, who both played polo at Ranelagh for the Oddments against Lady Priscilla Willoughby's side, Valkyrie, and were victorious by three goals to one

Swaebe

The Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine, Mrs. Charles Nicholl, Mrs. Peter Horlick, and Captain Davis at Henley. Mrs. Nicholl is Mrs. Horlick's mother, and lives at Wargrave-on-Thames

Mrs. Leonard Treen and Mrs. Hoare sitting in the sun beside the open-air swimming-pool at Roehampton. These club swimming-pools are just about as popular with non-bathing spectators as they are with the swimmers themselves

On the right are some of the spectators at the Rush Court v. Yellowhammers cricket match, which was played at Rush Court, Mr. J. Upson's place at Wallingford. Behind are Mrs. Noel Clifton, Mr. D. G. Harries, Mr. J. Upson, Captain Murray Smith, Mr. Hay Smith; in front, Miss Phyllis Claire, Miss Ivice Goulding, Miss Angela Hadland, and Miss Pamela Harries

Who Cares For London ?

Another Selection From Out of Doors

Left: Margaret Bannerman presenting a cup to Miss Croxton, one of the well-known seven riding sisters, who won the ladies' jumping class at the Aldenham House Club Gymkhana. On the left is Capt. E. W. Younghusband, who was one of the judges

Photographs by Sasha, Swaebe and Arthur Oxen

Left: Princess Frederica of Hanover, the Hon. Lou, the Hon. Patrick and the Hon. Emily Seely, and Miss Nina Seely, their cousin, at Cowes

Above: Frances Day and two of her bulldogs at the Gay Adventure. Bill, the one nearest the camera, is a much be-photographed dog

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Crazy Week

"UPON our souls, Major-General, the Old Country is looking up. Lawn Tennis Championships, record Test Match scores, Leander's victory at Henley, Cotton's Open Golf Championship, it makes one feel a bit chokey, eh?" "By gad, Commissioner-Sahib, you've shot a bibful. Makes one proud to be a Brit., eh?" "Shall we sing a verse or two of 'Land of Hope and Glory,' Major-General?" "Damme, Sir, we'll have a couple of club-stingahs, and then we'll sing the dear old song. I'll take the tenor part and you take the bass. Or would you prefer the other way round?" "Just as you like, Major-General. I leave it to you." "Well, here's to the Old Flag, Commissioner-Sahib." "The Old Flag, Major-General, and may the sun never set upon the Far-flung Outposts."

The Lads at Play

BY the time that these miserably unworthy paragraphs reach your honourable little pale footed, almond-blossom eyes, O adorable readers (blast them all!) the annual combined outing of the Eton and Harrow boys will have taken place. Our social calendar tells us that the lads adhered to custom, and hired Lord's cricket ground for their fun and games. We presume that all the usual entertainments were provided, the ventriloquist and the conjuror and the trick cyclist and the coco-nut shies, and all the rest of them. And doubtless there was a fashion-parade for the amusement, of the parents, to whom ventriloquists and conjurers are everyday affairs. We are unable to say, writing as we are before the event, whether that other tradition was maintained, of organising a cricket-match between some of the older lads of each of the two educational institutions and arranging that it should end in a tactful drawn match so that none of the dear little fellows should burst into tears at being on the losing side.

Leaps and Bounds

THE boys who dart hither and thither, covered with black blouses (and steady on, printers, with the first letter of the word "blouses." No funny stuff, if you please. We don't want no libel actions, and in any case, the plural isn't spelt like that), claim that their movement is gaining strength by leaps and bounds in this country. Quite likely they are right. Or wrong. We do not presume to judge. But we find it a bit hard to reconcile this claim with the fact that the leapers and bounders held a giant meeting recently in an East Anglian town, at which a mammoth audience of 300 people turned up, of whom 100 were policemen.

Temporary Lapse

VERY occasionally, when the weather is exceptionally hot, we have the strangest little lapses into high-brow stuff. As Sir John Squire once wrote, in a thoughtful poem, "Everyone's a high-brow to someone, and I'll be a high-brow yet." We get like that sometimes. Last week we got took, and off we went to the Exhibition at the Herald's College in Queen Victoria Street, and, by thunder, it was worth our while. There were some of the most beautiful heraldic drawings on view that we have ever seen; there were pedigree-rolls, and the famous Brocas tilting-helmet, the most perfect specimen in existence, and the King's Holbein of Richard III., and a Van Dyck drawing which had been specially lent by Vienna, and the turquoise ring which was taken from the hand of the dead James IV. of Scotland, after the fatal battle of Flodden, and many another treasure besides. The thing that pleased us almost more than any other was the parchment list of the knights who took part in some ancient tournament, with the pin-pricks beside the names of each to show the points which he had scored in the tilting. That's all, pretty ones. No more high-brow stuff this week. You can take your lovely fingers out of your shell-pink ears.

Cricket News

TALKING of Sir John Squire reminds us that, ever since 1920, he has run a cricket eleven called the "Invalids," to play against villages and country houses. You might think that England's Test Match players were mostly members of that club, what with their sore throats, strained muscles, bruised toes, weak ankles, and general grogginess. Players perform prodigious feats for their counties, and yet, the moment they are chosen to play for England they develop housemaid's knee, spavins, glanders, thrush, and even, we have no doubt, that mysterious disease, the botts.

Agriculture Note

WE are officially (whatever, in heaven's name that means; and, anyway, in this particular case, it simply isn't true) authorised to deny that there is a shadow of truth in the rumour that Mr. Walter Elliot,

"I don't like riding—it gives me a pain in the neck"

"Nothing of the sort—they're moth-balls"

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 7.—Epsom

Yellow, green, cerise and white
Make a very pleasant sight
When these colours greet the view
On a background of dark blue.

To Epsom you will doubtless go
If Pater is a medico,
For doctors' sons are favoured ones
When settlements draw near;
And those who show good spirits in
The school, may one day get a "bin,"
But NOT the sort that houses port
Or even bottled beer,
For Epsom's "bins" hold prefects hearty
Who'd *never* throw a bottle-party!

A patriotic school is this,
Which in the past would never miss
Processions gay on Empire Day
Through Epsom's streets in force.
But when the Derby comes, we see
The boys kept under lock and key,
For Epsom frowns upon the Downs
(It is a natural course),
Encouraging a sport more manly—
The Oval match, say, versus Cranleigh.

Authority does not, of course,
Teach "Might is Right" or laud armed force,
But Epsom's sons are fond of Gunn's
(Not for dark deeds but fare).
You'll also find though boys don't look
With marked aversion at a book
Of Latin verse that's dull and terse—
For work's encouraged there—
When "wanted in the Library" some
Seem anything *but* blithe and gleesome!

B. W.

our busy little agricultural bee, is contemplating an attack upon a famous South of England cricket club by imposing a rigorous quota upon Hampshire Hogs.

Classical Corner

Mr. Herbert Morrison is pulling down Waterloo Bridge at such a rate that it is reported that he is to be appointed Pontefract Maximus to the L.C.C. What? You don't see that one? My dear, sweet child, what *did* they teach you at Roedean besides lacrosse and rug-making? Pontefract is Greek, or something, for people who are concerned with bridge-breaking. It is pronounced Pomfret. It was at Pomfret (pronounced Circenester) Castle that that King died of a surfeit of lampreys or ospreys or something. You don't know that, either? Well, I suppose you were all so busy, poor sweethearts, being in love with the riding-master that you hadn't any time for learning history.

Aspirin Sent For

After two hours of grappling with the problem of the Gentlemen's team which has been chosen to play against the Players at the Oval, we gave it up and sent the boy out for some aspirin and a noggin of brandy. You see, the point is this: the match is between the Gentlemen of England and the Players of England, and one of the Gentlemen's team is an Australian who was, up till a short time ago, a professional cricketer. So now what, eh? We had a lot of bother in the spring about the gent. who was a South African when he was playing cricket and an Englishman when the Rugby Football season came round, and also about the English ice-hockey team which consisted of four Canadians and a German baron. But we confess ourselves utterly defeated when an Australian professional plays cricket for the English amateurs.

The Iron Duke

So Mr. George Arliss is going to leap nimbly from the money-bags of the House of Rothschild to the curt austerity of the great Duke of Wellington. Let us hope that his scenario-writer is sufficiently well up in the stories and legends which surround that great man. He had a gift of compressed repartee that was all his own. When Fanny threatened to publish his letters, he simply

"I think it's rather a change; don't you?"

replied, "Dear Fanny, publish and be damned." When a Staff officer at Waterloo cried out, "By God, Sir, my leg's off," the Duke's comment was, "By God, Sir, is it?" And once, many years after the wars were over, and the Duke was the most famous man in Europe, he was dining in an officers' mess, and reminiscing, as old men do. "When we took Oporto in '09, gentlemen," he said, "we knocked the neck off a bottle of port and found a rat inside it," and he glared round the table. No one spoke, till the junior subaltern piped up, "It must have been a very small rat, Sir." "It was a damned large rat," replied the Duke sternly. The subaltern was undismayed. "Then it must have been a very large bottle, Sir." "It was a damned small bottle," was the furious answer, and the matter was hastily dropped.

"Fishing?"
"No, cycling"

Long-Distance Golf

THERE has been a sudden boom in what is called Marathon golf. (Poor old Pheidippides. He ran 150 miles, from Marathon to Sparta, in 490 B.C. to get help for the Athenians against the Barbarians, and now his fame is commemorated by golfers, and, especially, those maniacs who dance round and round in ballrooms for days on end.) A gentleman has just completed ten rounds in under 900 strokes, and is being hailed as a record-breaker. This is nonsense. It was in about 1912 that a certain Mr. Harry Lumsden played twelve rounds of the long and difficult Balgownie links of the Royal Aberdeen Golf Club in a single day, and *each round* was played in less than 90 strokes. Mr. Lumsden had the same caddie all the time, and his twelfth round was the best, for he holed the course in 78 strokes. As an additional piece of bravado, Mr. Lumsden bicycled ten miles home on an ordinary push-bicycle when the feat was over.

New Jobs for Cops

IT is generally agreed that the regulation of traffic is at least as important a part of a policeman's duty as the detection of crime, if not more so (what vile English!). But the Devonshire boys in blue have added a new one to their list of little chores. They have been co-operating in a detailed survey of the nightingales of the county, for the benefit of the Society of Devon Birdwatchers. We have not yet been informed whether a system of registration is to be drawn up, by which each bird will report for duty at a certain hour every evening, like ticket-of-leave men, but we imagine something of the sort will be introduced.

An Echo from the Past

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us from Simla the following interesting tale. (By the way, Lovelies, we are being serious for a moment. He really did write, and this is what he says.) "In the early days of the war many Royal Artillery Messes deposited their mess silver and plate with banks, for safe custody, whilst they went off to the war. In many cases this was done in a great hurry and no proper records were kept. As a result, many pieces of silver and plate belonging to Royal Artillery Messes are believed to be still untraced. Recently, in an effort to trace some of this silver, the Honorary Secretary, Royal Artillery Station Messes Fund, sent a circular letter to all banks and safe-deposits in India, asking if they had any trace of such silver. A reply was received from one bank who stated that they had in their custody a wooden box marked Captain ————, Honorary Secretary, Mountain Brigade Mess, which looked as if it might contain mess silver. It was thought it might have some connection with a Royal Artillery Mess in the neighbourhood. The box was opened and was found to contain a large silver cup and a ram's-horn, silver-mounted snuff-box. Among the paper packing used in the box was a complete copy of the BYSTANDER dated July 22nd, 1914. This copy contains, among others, a picture of the famous fight between Carpentier and Gunboat Smith. It also contains drawings by Helen McKie entitled, 'Our Wandering Artist in Berlin.'"

Untimely Death

THE production of *The Maitlands*, the second and last play of Ronald Mackenzie, is a melancholy reminder of the death, in a motor accident, of that brilliant young playwright, at the age of twenty-nine. His first play, *Musical Chairs*, was a promise of great things to come. The theatre has suffered no comparable loss since the death of Meggie Albanesi.

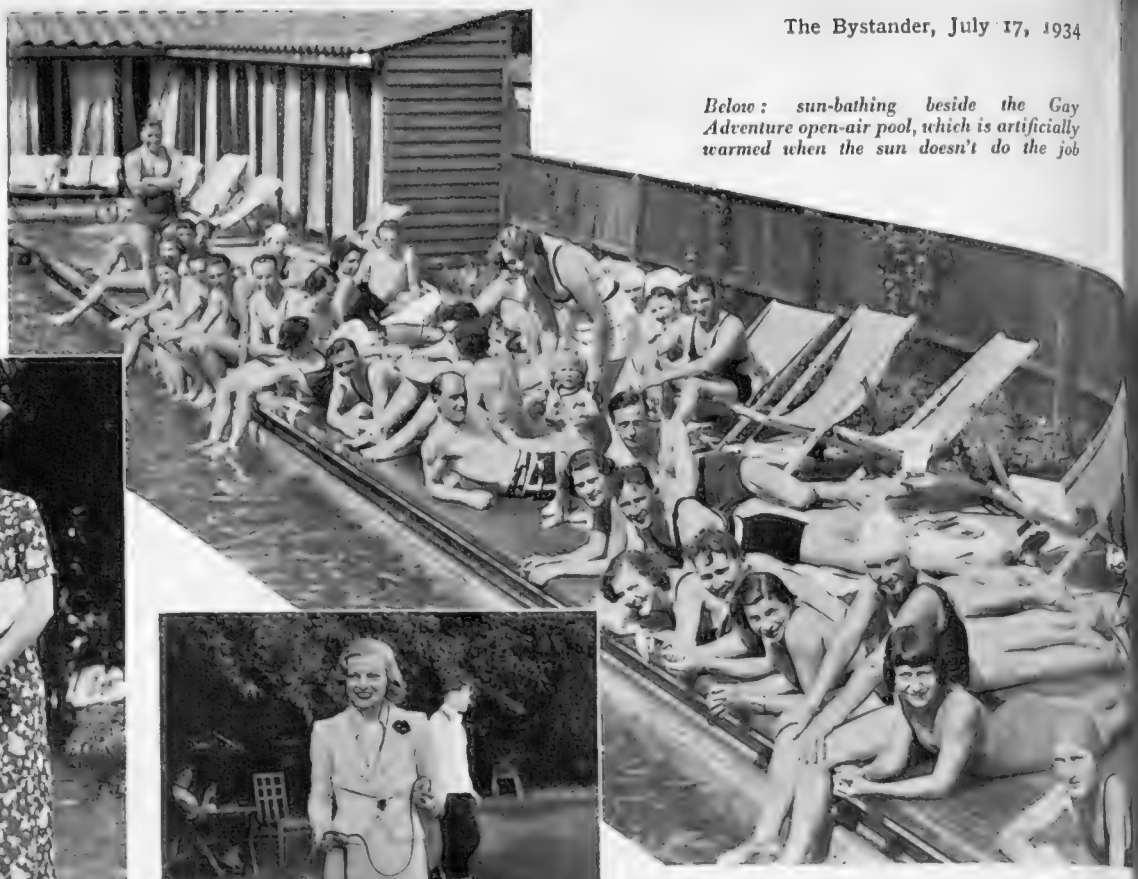
THE BYSTANDERS.

Photographs by Swaebe

Some're Swimmers

Heat-Wave Parade At the Gay Adventure

Below: the Master of Falkland, and the Hon. Mrs. Lucius Carey, who, before she married Viscount Falkland's eldest son last year, as his second wife, was Miss Constance Berry



Below: sun-bathing beside the Gay Adventure open-air pool, which is artificially warmed when the sun doesn't do the job

Left: Claire Luce giving a fine pair of Borzois a walk around in the riverside garden at the Gay Adventure, the road-house near Esher. The river in question is the Mole, and not the Thames

Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, whose official recreations are motor-caravanning and journalism, also goes swimming, but protests at the photographic revelation of this unofficial diversion. Mrs. Nevinson accompanies him in the bathing-pool

Above: the Hon. Byron Carey, the Master of Falkland's brother, and his wife, who was Miss Daphne King. They were married in 1932

Left: another couple of bathers and sun-bathers at the Gay Adventure were Miss Patricia and Miss Rosemary Ingram-Musson, General Ingram-Musson's daughters. Patricia, the younger one, was presented this year

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Miss Virginia Barnato and Miss Aurea Johnston

DAWN on Thursday gave us the week's greatest surprise—clouds were seen in the sky. However, nothing could put a damper on our spirits after such a week of whirling gaiety as provided, for instance, by Mrs. (Laura) Corrigan's party in Grosvenor Street, by gay-Guinnesses-galore in Carlton House Terrace, by Lady Honor Channon's (you must, of course, remember that she was a Guinness) cocktail-party, and by Prince Aly Khan's rout at the Ritz.

Mrs. Corrigan's guests enjoyed their customary rather overwhelming dinner, followed by a tombola, in which the men scrambled for a pair of jewelled cuff-links, won by Captain Ralph Burton, while Lady Patricia Ward lifted the gold powder-box. The cabaret consisted of whirlwind, tap, and acrobatic dancing, but this was not provided by the hostess this time, though many of us remember the occasion when she so cleverly stood on her head at one of her parties. Lady Cunard and Lady Diana Cooper wore diamond bands and clouds of tulle, Lady Dalkeith was in white, and the hostess wore puff sleeves made of gardenias.

IT is at parties such as these that one hears delightful snippets of news about holiday plans. Lady Baillie is off to Monte Carlo, Miss Maxine Elliott is all ready to receive her guests at Juan-les-Pins, the evening-dress staff of Covent Garden are going to Boulogne for the day, and Princess Mdivani has gone to Carlsbad, not to eat plums, but for a slimming cure. However, Barbara's Boys, Diables qu-ils sont, are still over here, banging the polo balls about in the absence of their Princess. Mr. William Randolph Hearst is entertaining largely at St. Donat's, near Cardiff; his arrival has cheered up the neighbourhood considerably, and especially his grand firework display on July 4th. Flags and girl-guides greeted his entry to the Castle, which has the most wonderful swimming-pool among its many luxuries. Miss Marion Davies, Miss Eleanor Boardman, Miss Toto Koopman, three Hearsts, Junior, George, Jack and Billy, with their wives, and a flock of secretaries and managers, made a nucleus to the party. Mr. Frazier Jelke has been having a series of week-end parties at Stonor Park, near Henley. Mr. Eskdale Fishburn, with the open grey Rolls, of course, and Miss Bunting Stevenson have recently been there. Will a little bird have anything to whisper to me soon about these two? They have been at the "we" stage in conversation for a long time.

Above: two of the débutantes at Miss Peta Davis's "pink" lunch-party, at which all the food and drink and even the cigarettes were pink. Virginia Barnato is Capt. "Babe" Barnato's daughter

Below: a sketch of Mrs. Henry Illingworth (Dawn Gold that was) at Henley. She is the daughter of Mr. Harcourt Gold, the Oxford rowing Blue and coach. She and her husband have lately got back from a trip round the world; they were married last year

Mrs. Henry Illingworth

Mrs. Herbert Shipman

Mrs. Shipman is a well-known American hostess who has been coming to London for the last few years. Her father is Mr. Edson Bradley, of Newport, a distinguished art-collector. Mrs. Shipman was at Mme. van Swinderen's party at the Dutch Legation for Princess Juliana

PRINCE ALY KHAN looked much more cheerful at his own party than he did a few nights previously at the Monseigneur, when Douglas Byng was singing. Evidently he disapproves of the "insinuendoes," for he made a wry face. Thelma Lady Furness

Swaebe

Eastern Potentate Visits Eastern Potentate: a Windsor House-Party

Above, on the left, are the Aga Khan and Miss N. Lennard, of the U.S.A., with their backgammon board all set for a game. On the right are Prince Aly Khan and the Maharajah of Rajpipla looking at pictures of the Maharajah's Windsor Lad winning the Derby. The photographs were taken at the Manor, the Maharajah's place at Old Windsor

also was not amused, nor was Dr. Gavin, nor was Mrs. Eddie Baron. But I am sure that Mr. Eddie Baron was amused, although he felt that he had to look as though he wasn't. The brothers Toye, Francis and Geoffrey, recently relaxed for a few days from their musical activities and went to Brittany, I gather, to recapture some of their earlier memories. The sight of brother Francis hurling his sardine-net into the sea at Brest, while brother Geoffrey paraded the Breton fish-wives and fish-girls on the jetty, on the pretext of finding fresh talent for Covent Garden, should have aroused the natives to a degree of enthusiasm.

THERE is a Grand Night of Gala at Covent Garden to-night. There are to be "curious and arresting ballets and diversions, given by Les Ballets Russes, comprising eighty members, male and female, adult and juvenile." There is to be a big supper-party on the stage after the performance, organised by Mr. Bruce Ottley, whom we may term the godfather of this ballet, as the Cossack Colonel, de Basil, is its father. Fun and frolic with Riabouchinska, Baronova, and Toumanova will be permitted, under the watchful eye of their mothers. Ballet enthusiasts, such as Lady Kemball Cook, Lady Melchett (how people do muddle those two up!), and Lady Colefax, are bound to be there.

THE coast resorts of northern France are doing very well this summer. Pourville, Dieppe, Le Touquet, and Deauville are all an easy evening's air-ride, which makes a very great difference. Buck's Club have been at Le Touquet, and cheered up the place considerably, both on the golf-course and in the Casino. They were reinforced by the competitors for the French Women's Open Golf Championship, though both the finalists, Mlle. Lavigne and Miss

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Pam Barton, are only old enough to take a turn at boule. Mr. Alex Wilson again got into the final of Buck's handicap, but was defeated by Mr. J. B. Ryan, an American member. Count Paul Munster was a semi-finalist, and the "hot-pot" Mr. Esmond Warner got as far as the last eight. I hear that Mrs. Syrie Maugham is going to sell her villa at Le Touquet after this summer, though all this August and September she is entertaining there. The Casino was cooler than the golf-course. A grand, almost official, opening of windows took place under the eye of the Directorate.

Swaebe

Mr. Guy Turner and the Hon. Mrs. Rutland, Lord Ashfield's daughter, at the Charterhouse Ball in aid of the "Charterhouse in Southwark" jubilee appeal for playing fields

THE 'Varsity match at Lord's brought out its annual quota of Old Blues and Old Bores. Country parsonages disgorged their cargoes of vicars, rectors, and curates, who, with the unexpended portion of the year's stipend in their pockets, and their wives and families at their heels, came up to the Metropolis, leaving the locum tenens in charge. It is a pity that the Test Match at Manchester took away both a certain amount of interest and the huge battalion of cricket journalists. One of the saddest sights I saw at Lord's was "Gerry" Weigall searching hopelessly in the Long Room for "Archie" MacLaren. Messrs. "Ken" Nicholl, F. A. Ward ("Wardie"), and N. C. Tufnell ("Tuffie") were faithful to straw boaters; others seen in the pavilion were H. M. Martineau, whose Water-Martins are about to open their season at Bray; and R. H. Twining ("Twinkle"), whose wife carried the load on her shoulders of organising the Eton Ball at the Dorchester.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

NEWMARKET always makes a pleasant break in the social whirl of London. The First July Meeting is always fun, and everybody goes who cares about racing, and a good many who don't. It was lovely there after the terrific heat in London. Lady Nunburnholme was one of the many regulars, and looked charming in a brown and beige spotted crêpe-de-chine. We saw her with Lord Beatty at one moment. Lady Granard was one of the very few who wore flowered chiffon and wide-brimmed hats.

We think Miss Ruth Primrose is having about the best time of any 1934 débutante, being taken everywhere by Lady Derby. She, too, was at Newmarket, dressed in pale blue, with a white coat. The Duke of Norfolk arrived, as usual, with Lady Rachel Howard, and Mrs. Freddie Cripps was to be seen wearing a silk knitted suit of cream colour; probably from her own shop—and what better advertisement could she have than herself? The yellow Earl brought his yellow-clad Countess, who looked extremely smart (actually, her yellow suit was checked with black, but the result was yellow).

King George of Greece, who both danced gaily and merrily on into the small hours of the morning. We saw Countess Paul Munster there and her sisters, Lady Stavordale and Mrs. Michael Hornby, both wearing black. Lord Stavordale was dancing round the floor with the Maharanee of Cooch Behar. Lady Dalkeith we saw, too, and Lady Ravensdale, dressed in apple-green and tomato-red, was another good-looking woman present.

NASH'S CLUB had their annual party at the Carlton the other night, and a riot of fun it was, too. Captain Tommy Graves, of course, had a large party, including the Arthur Smith-Binghams, Miss Betty Homan, Mrs. Leo Partridge (who, incidentally, was enjoying herself quite a lot), and Captain Buckmaster, who has just returned from abroad (Delagoa Bay, to be exact). It was marvellous to see all his friends gathering round the table the whole evening, "welcoming him in" (back). His popularity is amazing. Two other young men that we noticed were the "Sleeping Bart," Sir Robert Throckmorton, who, by the way, has almost got his technique in juggling with crockery perfect, and Lord Inverclyde, both in the same party.

At the Carleton-Paget Wedding Reception at Ibstock Place

WE saw Mrs. Pat Anderson in a very good dark-blue tammy-hat the other day, drinking with the Geoffrey Ackroyds before lunch at the Ritz; and later we saw the Clive Loehnises lunching with Mrs. Alastair Maynard. Mr. Jimmy Rutland and Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes were together. Mrs. Jules Thompson was looking very smart the same day in duck-egg blue, and Lady Warwick passed by in a printed dress, looking as lovely as ever. We admire her figure so much. Captain Jack Fielden had on his hot-weather suit.

VARIOUS other things have occurred lately. Perry's done his bit, and so has Miss Round, and everybody is delighted. If only Oxford could win the next Boat Race we really should think England had gone ahead. Mrs. Jean Heneage has just re-married her ex-husband. We expect they are regretting all they spent on getting parted. And lastly, the Aurora team lost the Coronation Cup, and the Knaves won it. Well done, the Knaves!

MRS. PEEPS

CAPTAIN and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid gave a marvellous "Silly Symphony" party the other night for her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten, who has been visiting London from Malta. Dancing took place in the squash court and every quarter of an hour or so the lights went down and we all flopped down on the floor on cushions and watched the "Silly Symphony" pictures. Lady Louis looked extremely well, and even more attractive than usual (if that is possible) and burnt just the colour so many of us would like to be and fail to achieve. She wore one of the new diamond necklaces, with a pale-pink frock. Prince George looked in for a little while, and the film world was represented by Marion Davies and Merle Oberon. Talking of jewels, we admire so much Mrs. John Morrison's collection. We saw her the other night wearing a most attractive bracelet of about seven rows of pearls joined together by a lovely, almost-square, diamond clip. With it she had some heavenly diamond ear-rings and a lovely brooch. Mrs. Stanley Clarke's aquamarines, which are so fashionable at the moment, are the envy of all, too.

ROYALTY honoured the Dockland Settlement Ball the other night in the persons of Prince George and ex-

Above: Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, who was Princess Imeretinsky, and before that, Averil Mullens, went to Winifred Paget's wedding with her mother, Lady Mullens

Above, left: Mrs. J. B. Paget, the bride's mother, with two of the bridesmaids, Miss Mary Celia and Miss Mannine Paget

M. André Maurois is as well known in England as any English writer; his books on Disraeli, Shelley and Edward VII. have all been best-selling biographies over here. He has taken Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, while he is doing historical research work at the British Museum for his next book. With him, bow-and-arrowing, is Mlle. Michelle Maurois, his daughter

A Famous Frenchman in England

Oval: Miss Joan Buckmaster and the King of Siam's brother and sister-in-law were three of Lady Crosfield's non-playing guests

Top left: Dr. Prenn and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall were two of the exhibition-match players; behind them is Miss Irene Clarke

Right: a view of the tennis courts at West Hill, on which a number of Wimbledon stars played exhibition matches in aid of the North Islington Infants' Welfare Centre

Lady Georgiana Curzon, in a white dress with a blue-and-white top, played with Mr. Hugh Longdon in the American tournament, which took place after the exhibition matches were finished

Miss Thelma Cazalet, who played with Lord Pollington, talking to Lady Ravensdale before her next game. The latter was dressed all in yellow, and was partnered in the tournament by Mr. Ian Bowater

The Hon. Lavinia Stra... and Lord John Hope, Le... son, played together, and w... the lovely garden of Sir Arthur ...

is Stars and Socials

At Lady Crosfield's Party at West Hill

Mr. Vernon Rudolph lighting a cigarette for Mlle. Livia Paravicini, his partner in the American mixed doubles tournament. She was wearing a blue dress and bandeau

rd Belper's débutante daughter, and Lady Linlithgow's younger photographed between matches in d Lady Crosfield's Highgate house

At the top are Mr. Cyril Tolley and the Duchess of Westminster, who were both playing in the American tournament. Below are Lady Listowel and Miss St. John Hornby, whose partner was Captain Martin

Colonel Morrison-Bell and his niece, Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, were in the audience. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, were there too, and also went to the Tennis Ball

(1) Mr. John Monk Goldman, eldest son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. C. S. Goldman, and the Hon. Margaret Thesiger, Viscount Chelmsford's youngest sister, were married at St. John's, Smith Square. The reception afterwards was held at Wimborne House, which was lent by the bride's uncle, Lord Wimborne

(2) Lt.-Com. Archibald Courage, R.N., is the elder son of Commander and Mrs. A. V. Courage, of Bolney Place, Sussex; his bride is the youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. C. H. and Lady Victoria Villiers. Their wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square

(1) Mr. J. M. Goldman and the Hon. Margaret Thesiger

Getting Married

More Weddings of the Week

(3) Capt. Richard Sheppard, 7th Hussars, and Miss Cecily Nickalls, second daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Patteson Nickalls and Mrs. Nickalls, of Barby, Rugby, were married at the Rugby Parish Church. Capt. Sheppard is joint secretary of the Pytchley

(2) Lt.-Com. A. D. Courage and Miss Stella Villiers

(4) Mr. Charles de Paravicini, son of the late Mr. P. J. de Paravicini and Lady Marcia de Paravicini, and cousin of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, married Miss Ida Ross, only daughter of Major and Mrs. J. A. Ross, of 24, Pelham Crescent, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

(5) The Duc de Luynes, premier Duke of France, and Mlle. Diaz Unzue, daughter of Don Saturno Unzue, of Argentina, were married at Dampierre by the Bishop of Chartres. The reception was held at the historic Château de Dampierre, which belongs to the Duc

(3) Sheppard—Nickalls

(4) de Paravicini—Ross

(5) de Luynes—Unzue

A Lovely Young-Married

Mrs. Michael Wardell, Her Son, Timothy, And Her Dog, Sam

Mrs. Mike Wardell was Miss Ruth ..ossley, and is the second daughter ..Sir Kenneth and Lady Crossley, of ..nbermere Abbey, Shropshire. She ..rried Capt. Mike Wardell as his ..d wife in 1931, and her small ..n sunburnt son, Timothy, was born ..next year. Capt. Wardell used to ..the 10th, but he and his wife ..live in London, in Cumberland ..rrace. Mrs. Wardell's brother is Mr. Anthony Crossley, who has been Member for Oldham since the last election

Mrs. Michael Wardell

Photographs by Tunbridge

Summer Racing at Nottingham—

Miss Bouskill, Mrs. William Hanson and Miss Rosemary Hanson sitting in the shade on the first day of the Nottingham meeting

—And at Musselburgh

Miss Diana Thorne, the Hon. Andrew and the Hon. Jean Elphinstone went racing at Musselburgh, where the Edinburgh Summer Meeting was held last week

Left: Mrs. Reid, Miss Evelyn Baird and Mrs. Roberts were three more of the Scottish field at Musselburgh,

A Racing Reverie:

Nottingham and Chepstow

By "Regular"

IF the drought continues we shall soon have no racing at all. Twenty-nine runners in a day at Nottingham, thirty-eight at Chepstow, and twenty-six at Edinburgh shows only too clearly what trainers think of the present state of the going.

PERSONALLY, I am of the opinion that there is far too much "molly-coddling" of our thoroughbreds these days. Owners and trainers are, of course, quite right in not wishing to risk a valuable horse, but there are a vast number of quadrupeds in training who will have to be devilish lucky if they are ever to win a race. Surely it would be better to risk sore shins with these animals while the opposition is weak than to bottle them up till the rain comes and there are forty runners in every race.

I KNOW of no people who work harder to make their meetings a success than the Ford brothers, but not even their ingenuity has succeeded in inventing a satisfactory diversion to while away the hour between the third and fifth races, caused by a walk-over, on a scorching hot Monday afternoon at Nottingham.

THE Mem, however, considered it an excellent opportunity in which to read the Riot Act. "So Worm still thinks he knows more than bookmaker, after four consecutive losing weeks? Small wonder that Mrs. Vernet is world's best-dressed woman and wife has no rag to her back.

"PERHAPS hot sun has caused Worm to suffer from hallucinations and imagine himself a Mr. Clayton, Mr. Hannan, Mr. Myers, or the late Mr. Joel? Will Worm realise, once and for all, that he is penniless journalist whom no one would speak to except for wife's influence, and that, so far from being impressed by Worm's insane betting, even blonde Lygon girls are overwhelmed with pity for wife, who has worn fingers to the bone to save Worm from clutches of Tattersall's Committee?"

FOUR odds-on favourites bit the dust on the opening day at Nottingham, and although one consoled oneself with the thought that horses never had been machines, and we kept on running to the board to see how England were doing in the Test Match, it was not altogether a very happy day. "The fact that England sometimes beats Australia at ridiculous and boring game will not make presence of broker's men in home any more welcome."

THE Welsh Derby at Chepstow on the previous Saturday had been far more enjoyable, and when I tell you that the first three people I saw on arrival were Lady Sibell Lygon, Lord Lonsdale, and Lord Glanely, you will realise how frightfully O.K. this meeting really is.

CHEPSTOW is really a lovely place, and the meeting is run on thoroughly up-to-date lines. I have not enjoyed an afternoon's racing more for a long time. The catering arrangements are excellent, and although the market is admittedly weak, the wine made up for it, and the hospitality of my good friend, Mr. Williams, fairly "staggered" us.

MRS. SINGER won the Welsh Derby with her consistent horse Monkshood, which conformed with most people's idea of what would happen, and so proved very popular, while Tom Rimell produced his usual winner at round about even money, which also mightily pleased the locals.

THIS animal—Diaphonella by name—was ridden by Rimell's excellent apprentice, W. Elliott, a boy who, given the opportunity, should train on into a successful jockey. At the sale ring, after this race, an elderly gentleman with a pipe, who announced that this was his day out, and that he was going to have a "bit of a do," by a series of Fascist signs ran the winner up to 200 guineas, at which price she was retained.

THE second day at Nottingham, however, was much more pleasant, though the heat seemed greater than ever. Favourites actually consented to win again, and an old friend, in Jack Leach, and two even older friends, in his father and Jelliss, provided me with the first winner I had backed since Ormonde.

THE animal's name was Tara's Queen colt, and it won by the shortest heads on record, thanks to a masterly display in the saddle by Jelliss. A Scotch bookmaker, who always likes to see the best horse win, provided it isn't favourite, expressed himself as disgusted with the judge's decision, which only goes to prove that not even judges can hope to please everyone.

So Johnstone has become entitled to wear the colours of the club for jockeys and trainers who have ridden and trained for Lord Glanely, but there is no truth in the rumour that, owing to overcrowding, the club is moving to more spacious quarters.

JOHNSTONE'S departure is much regretted by his fellow-jockeys, with whom, in the short time he was in this country, he had made himself tremendously popular, and no one regrets his departure more than Tommy Hogg, who realised only too well that Johnstone was in no way to blame for the horse's defeats. Johnstone takes back to France with him the best wishes of us all.

Gipsy Revel

MRS. FRANK HAMILTON BENN'S party for her daughter, Miss Patricia Hamilton Benn, at her house in the Boltons, was a gipsy one, and her guests really did turn up in fancy dress of some gipsy fashion or another. The garden was floodlit, and a marquee was put up in which to dance

Above: the coco-nut shy, that was set up in the garden, was for ladies only

Below: Miss Ursula Livingstone - Learmonth and Mr. Jimmy Rayner sat out in a floodlit corner

Miss Eileen Tulloch was an attractive and bejewelled gypsy; her companion, Mr. T. Maxton Moore, had a Sheikh-like tan

The "fancy" part of Mr. George Girardette's fancy dress consisted of two bandana handkerchiefs; his Romany partner is Miss Sheila de Burgh Whyte

Miss Patty Bevis and Mr. Richard Maitland, to whom she is engaged, danced together in the marquee-ballroom

Above: Miss Tunie Karri-Davies takes a light from M. Paul Gallegos, who came dressed as a Cossack

Left: Mr. David Tennant and Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houstoun, one of the many débutantes at the party, drank their drinks on the garden steps

Above: Maj.-Gen. A. E. W. Harman, who commands the 1st Division at Aldershot, Lady Gathorne-Hardy, Viscount and Viscountess Hailsham and Lt.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, G.O.C.-in-C., Aldershot Command

Left: Lt.-Col. Viscount Gough, who commands the 1st Batt. Irish Guards, walking with Mrs. Lindo

The Hon. Mrs. John Russell and Blue Ensign, belonging to Lt. G. Dollar, 3rd Carabiniers, which won the King's Challenge Cup, Mrs. Russell up

The Aldershot Show

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Above: Lady Harington and her mother, Mrs. Grattan. Gen. Sir Charles Harington is the Governor and C.-in-C. at Gibraltar

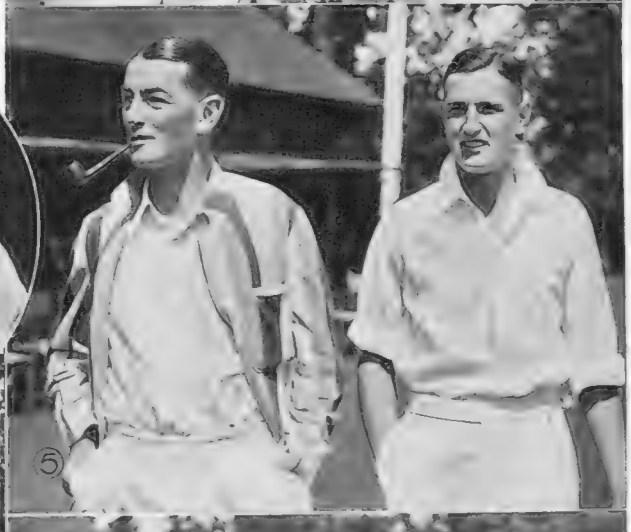
The Earl and Countess of Romney were among the 14,000 spectators at Aldershot for the last of the four days of the Show

Left: Brevet Lt.-Col. J. A. H. Gammell, who used to be a Gunner and now commands the 2nd Batt. Camerons, is with Miss Simonds

Butterflies Caught in Surrey

During their Match against Byfleet

(1) M. H. Lee (Byfleet) and J. E. Maitland (Butterflies), the two captains, tossing. (2) H. R. Crombie, H. S. Goold and P. C. Alexander, members of Byfleet. (3) R. Steel (Butterflies) and K. Ford North (Byfleet). (4) C. S. Ball, the Byfleet President, chatting to M. D. B. Farmiloe (Butterflies). (5) G. Cannon and I. N. Bettell, both of the Byfleet XI. (6) The Butterflies going out to field. (7) A. D. Dodgson and S. G. A. Martinez, two more Byfleet men



Social Faces

Two Young-Marrieds and an Ex-Débutante

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Diana Betterton

Miss Diana Betterton is the twenty-year-old elder daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Betterton, and a charming and intelligent person. Her father, who has been M.P. for the Rushcliffe Division of Nottinghamshire since 1918, has just left the Ministry of Labour to take up the Chairmanship of the new Unemployment Assistance Board

Tunbridge

Mrs. Gervaise Tennyson-d'Eyncourt

Mrs. Gervaise Tennyson d'Eyncourt is the good-looking wife of Sir Eustace Tennyson d'Eyncourt's only son. She was Miss Pamela Gladstone, and married in 1926. Her two children are Jeremy, born in 1927, and Philippa, born in 1928. She and her husband live in Hyde Park Square

Tunbridge

Mrs. Ronald Balfour

Left: the lovely Mrs. Ronnie Balfour is still always talked of as the lovely Deirdre Hart-Davis; her débutante beauty has become something of a legend. She married Brig.-Gen. Sir Alfred and Lady Balfour's only son five years ago, and has one daughter, Susan, and a pleasant house in Wellington Square

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

assembled by

JEAN BURNUP

Gutmann

THIS is Claire Luce photographed in the Schiaparelli evening dress she wears in "Vintage Wine." It is white monastique, a material with a diagonal, slightly raised self-stripe. The severe, sophisticated little coat contradicts the baby blue sash of the dress

Exquisite Evening Gowns

Scaioni's Studio

SILVERY blue supple moiré. It is casually embroidered with silver and fits affectionately

Scaioni's Studio

NIGHT-blue lace and chiffon. A glorified chiffon bib ties in a little bow back of the neck, hangs in fullness in front and lengthens at the sides into two wings which float around ethereally. Debenham and Freebody Model Gowns

Bond Street and Roundabout

By Jean Burnup

It was hot, but we did not realise it was quite so hot, because a beautiful wind blew as we ran down to swim. My skin has had week-end instalments of sun, and got acquainted. But the girl with me hadn't felt the sun and sea air on bare limbs for so long that she went berserk Lay flat for an hour, swam, basked again, ran about the sands with the dog, lay flat, swam . . .

Of course, you have heard this story. Next day she went to bed for a week, red, swollen, her whole body tortured.

We all know someone to whom this sort of thing happens. But we have been learning about the good and the bad of the sun on the skin for so long now that it never should happen to anyone.

We should know by now that some skins naturally don't attract the infra-red rays, and tan casually, with benefit of the ultra-violet rays.

Those who possess the other sort of skin have to do something about it, or spoil the view for us by looking red, blistered, sun-flushed. Or suffer agonizingly themselves.

I have in my little beach-bag a jar to pass round to reckless, sun-seeking friends. It contains Bronnley's Tanstane Cream, which looks like treacle, but melts, palely brown, into the skin. Coated with it, you can thumb your nose to the sun.

Not only does it prevent the nasty old infra-reds from getting to work, it encourages, promotes, a natural and gentle tan. It is faintly perfumed with lavender, which all wrong-minded biting insects hate, so it keeps them away too.

Furthermore, if you want to cheat and look tanned in ten minutes, just smooth it carefully all over and white-limbed baskers on the beach will hate you.

* * *

You don't keep Elizabeth Arden out of this sort of thing. Directly women began to face the sun, along she stepped with all sorts of notions and lotions, which she adds to, with improvements, each year.

There is Suntan oil for skins that can stand plenty of sun without taking harm. Sunpruf cream for the fair, sensitive skins that can't. Protecta cream for pale faces who want to avoid tan entirely and flaunt a white back at us when we are all commonplace and brown in September. And Eight-hour cream to bring relief to those foolish ones who have been careless and over-exposed.

A famous woman has arrived in town. The name Peggy Sage may be news to you, but it is familiar enough to the beautifuls of New York and Paris, whose hands and feet she has been making pretty for many years now.

Her salon in New York is the place where sassiety, the stage, the famous, the rich, and people like me go along for talk, afternoon tea, and hand and foot treatment.

Peggy Sage manicures and pedicures are not just a matter of trimming the cuticles, filing and painting the nails—though they do this superlatively well. They do something more to your hands and feet.

They massage, soothe, exercise the muscles, relax them, send you away really happy.

Said this sage: "Fifteen years ago a manicure was considered an extravagance. Now it is a social necessity: a woman feels undressed without. Now they are feeling the same about beautifying their feet. . . . Feet are getting better-looking. Women are more careful about the fit of their shoes and stockings. . . . Once a woman was embarrassed to take off her stockings and have her feet fixed. Not now . . . I 'm very happy to be opening in Bond Street here . . ."

She told me that Jeanne Aubert—famous French actress—wears two coats of her white and pink pearl on finger- and toe-nails. That Princess Mdivani buys all her preparations, and every colour of varnish she makes, including green, black and silver. That the most beautiful feet she has ever seen belong to Genna Walska, a Polish opera singer, who has been married three times, each time to a millionaire.

So perhaps it is worth while looking after your feet.

* * *

If there is a word I hate to use more than "hubby," "undie," or "overdrawn," when it relates to my account, it is "dainty."

But I have to use it now, because I don't know of another which has the same significance in regard to personal hygiene.

Well, it seems that Kraska, that excellent and pleasantly-priced nail-varnish, has a relation called Kraskol, a deodorant which really does keep you "dainty" without interfering with those hard-working friends of ours, the sweat glands. (This is a point to go into, Ma'am, when considering your deodorant.)

Furthermore, it is antiseptic, odourless, quick and efficient.

* * *

I went into a superior beauty shop the other day, and a snooty girl recommended a new lipstick—I won't name any names. I agreed to buy. After all, a change is stimulating. I thought the price would be usual lipstick price.

She took my pound-note and gave me nine-and-six change. So it was ten-and-six for a quarter of an inch of stick, was it, and no trimmings, not even an automatic? I was weak, and hadn't the moral courage to hand it back and say: "No; I 'll have Louis Philippe, as usual."

It is curious about Louis Philippe. Every other woman uses it, all your friends and their friends, the girl tidying her face next to you in any cloak-room.

Women discovering other women with the little gold-and-red container smile understandingly at one another, as if to say: "Well, we may have our other woman troubles, but we two are all right: we use the right lipstick."

Perhaps it isn't curious at all.

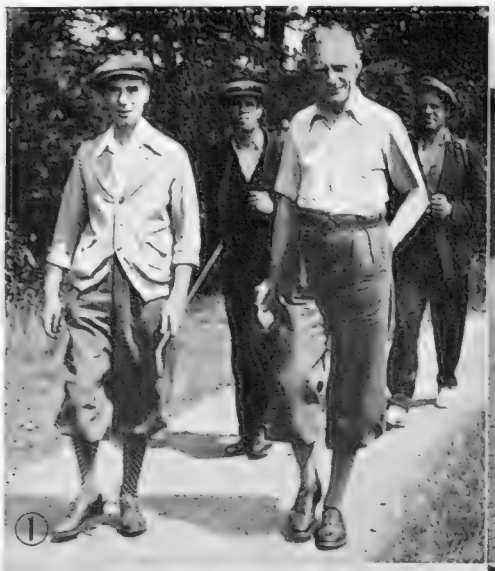
Monsieur Louis advises you about the right way to apply it; says it should be put on both sides of an ivory paper-knife, the blade placed between the lips, and the lips worked to and fro until it is well over and under.

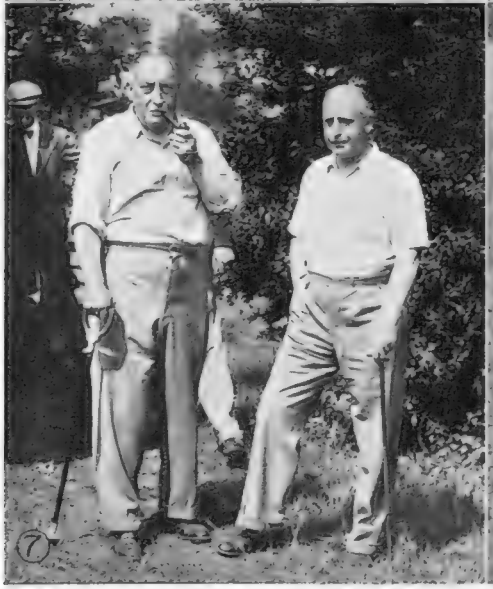
I think life is too short for that. Anyway, I haven't got an ivory paper-knife.

But I still like his lipstick.

Golf Secretaries at Play

Competing at Beaconsfield For Booth's Challenge Cup





(1) E. R. S. James and H. A. Ducket (Joint Secretaries to Perivale Park). The latter won the eighteen-hole handicap for the cup with a score of 69 net. (2) F. L. Rankin (representing Booth's), Major A. Whitley Laverack, M.C. (Sec. to English Golf Union), and J. Murray Brown (Frinton-on-Sea), last year's winner. (3) A. R. Shield (Hon. Sec., Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Golfing Alliance), and T. M. Weddell (Rochester and Cobham Park). (4) J. W. Greenshields (Hendon) and W. J. Harris (Finchley). (5) D. F. Meredith (Tyrrell's Wood) and Major Cundall (Effingham Manor). (6) Lieut.-Comdr. Proudfoot (Croham Hurst) and Captain K. M. Bruce (Gerrard's Cross). (7) Major Wild and Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Weddell (Beaconsfield). (8) C. K. Cotton (Oxhey), and Major J. Collis Brown (Royal Mid-Surrey), who were the winners of the four-ball competition against bogey. (9) Captain H. S. Greenwood (Canterbury) and D. Edlyn Morris (Woodlands Park)

The Open Championship Should NOT be Limited:

A Strong Plea for the Amateur Golfer

By F. G. L. Fairlie

W. C. Thorne playing in the India Tyre Company's annual golf meeting at Bogside, Ayrshire. He is a director of the Company, and also of the Inveresk Paper Company

G. L. Q. Henriques, ex-Captain and English International, and A. Baird, playing in the Buxton and High Peak G.C. Captains' Prize Competition

Just before the Open Championship took place at Sandwich this year there was a certain amount of criticism about the number of entries received from amateurs. To do the critics justice, they raised no objection to the better known among the amateurs competing; but they strongly disapproved of the large number of amateurs playing who apparently, according to them, had no possible chance whatsoever of winning the Championship.

Before I go any farther I want to say this: no one has any right to lay down the law with regard to the possibility of any individual person who has a handicap of approximately scratch, winning or not winning the Championship. All that he can do is to take a view as to the probabilities. It is absolutely true to say that the less known among us who are somewhere around scratch may, at any time, have an inspired period of a week or more at golf; in fact, all of us have had this very pleasant experience. In that week—it may come only once in a lifetime—we may be perfectly capable of beating any other golfer in the country, or in the world; and although I am quite prepared to admit that it is unlikely that this week will occur at Championship time . . . well, unlikely things are happening all the time.

As an example of this fact, let me quote the case of James Wallace, of Troon Portland, who played far better than he can possibly have expected in the Amateur Championship this year, and reached the final. Now that he is a professional he will never have the opportunity of repeating this feat; but had he remained an amateur I would have been perfectly prepared to give any odds that he would never have reached the final again as long as he lives.

But this is just one item in the general criticism, and to me this criticism is so monstrous that it deserves to be squashed at once and forgotten for ever. It is, as a matter of fact, so childish as to deserve no publicity, and I would certainly not have troubled my readers on the subject had it not been that I notice in *The Times* an expression of opinion very similar to those declared by the critics. It may be argued that this expression of opinion was only that of the eminent golfing correspondent of *The Times*, but, all the same, if a paper so widely read and so influential publishes such a remark, it should be refuted at once.

In the first place, such a criticism presupposes that the Open Championship is the professionals' championship, for there is no limit either of skill or in numbers to the professionals entering, whereas there is a very definite limit of handicap with regard to any entries received from amateurs. But the Open Championship is anything but the professionals' championship: it is the *Open* Championship of Britain, and, strictly speaking, can only claim this title if any person in the world is entitled to enter for the event. If I am conceded that point, then I am prepared to admit that the entries would be so unwieldy as to make the Championship impossible were there not some form of limitation. I accept this limitation of entry, however, as something which is bad, in view of the *Open* nature of the event, but unavoidable. In these circumstances it is perfectly logical to say that amateurs must have reached a certain definite standard of ability before they are allowed to play; but also it is obvious that that limitation of handicap must be such that anyone who has the faintest chance—no matter how faint—of doing well in the event, must definitely be entitled to compete.

As I have pointed out before, there was no one playing at Sandwich this year who no might not have succeeded, even though the odds against certain players may have been terrific. I would like to remark, however, that these odds could just as safely have been given against the indifferent professionals. In this country at least, only our leading professionals are better than our leading amateurs. True, we have many more leading professionals than we have leading amateurs, but there is a clear gap between the really first-class professional and the average professional. There is no doubt that an ordinary scratch amateur player can beat—and beat comfortably—the average professional, except, possibly, over the professional's own course. If the limitation of handicap for entry by amateurs is tightened in any way, then the Royal and Ancient Golf Club can only be fair by also refusing to accept the entries of the indifferent professionals. And the moment that we start limiting in any way those who can play in the Open Championship, then we are immediately depriving the Championship of its Open nature and it should be called something else—the Limited British Championship, if you like.

If we take the results at Sandwich, we find that seventeen amateurs qualified of 101 qualifiers, and this in spite of the fact that qualifying was probably more difficult this year than it has ever been; and also that many of our leading amateurs were not competing. If we go further, and take the next eighty in order of merit, we find that, numbered in this lot, were thirty-two amateurs, many of whom would have been considered by the critics to have had no chance whatsoever of winning the title. Yet the fact remains that these amateurs defeated a very large number of professionals indeed; and if it is to be decided that these amateurs are not worthy to compete, then it must also be decided that the professionals whom they defeated must also not compete.

I HAVE always resented any limitation in the Open Championship, for the reason which I have given, but as it is so important, to my mind, I will repeat it: *If the Open Championship is limited in any way it can no longer, strictly speaking, be called the Open Championship.* On the other hand, in view of the many hundreds of people who play golf in this country and who would like the golfing holiday which the Championship might provide, I do realise that some limitation is necessary; but I do think that the time has definitely come when no further limitation with regard to amateur entries can be made. If the entries are too big and the event has become too unwieldy, and in some way this must be stopped, then it is obvious that the professionals must now suffer limitation of entry just as the amateurs have suffered for so long.

One point must be got into everybody's mind: that is, that the Open Championship is not the professional championship. It never has been and it never will be. The Open Championship is the *Open* Championship of Britain, and as such is just as much the amateurs' championship as the professionals', providing the amateur is good enough . . . but providing the professional is good enough as well.

Sailors Ashore: Personalities at th

R. Noble Acutt, whose hobbies are snooker, sailing, and sleeping

Right: Major Lambert, a strong Committee man

Right: John Wollen, of the "Snorter," Hon. Sec. of the Sailing Committee

Right: Major M. H. Ingram, of the Sailing Committee

Right: Dr. W. T. Currie, of the Sailing Committee

A. E. Lowe, the bridge player of the Club

Right: Richard Hoyle, of the "Sheiling"

Pope, the smoke-room waite

Royal Torbay Yacht Club

By H. H. Harris

Left : Cecil Wollen, of the "Benita," the Commodore

Left : the "Felix" of the Club : C. E. V. Frere, over eighty, and keeps on walking

"Small," the steward and the stewardess

"Bill" Vanderhoof, of the "Estelle"

Walter Curtis, the snooker "champion," takes a lesson from "William"

Left : Colonel F. R. C. Forsyth, the Vice-Commodore

Right : Robert Kitson, J.P., the Treasurer

Left : Charles Rotherham, the Hon. Sec.

Manchester Sunshine Headgear—No Wonder It Often Rains There

Amateurs v. Australia

Some Public School Statistics; and a Commentary on the Third Test Match

By "Finger-Spin"

DURING the extreme heat at Old Trafford, as if it were not more befitting to sit absolutely quiet and silent, watching those in the middle who had to run about in a state of rushing perspiration, a colleague of mine in the Press box would keep chattering about what had happened in Test Matches in the dim past. Much of what he said was most interesting, but it was far too hot to listen to him. He did put the idea into my head, in the peace and quiet of a Sunday in Manchester—the flies even cease to buzz on Sunday in that great city—to look up some facts, and I propose to hand them on to my readers.

BUT before talking of bygone days, I cannot resist giving a short impression of the play during the first two days at Old Trafford. Again England were very lucky to win the toss, because I am sure that on Saturday evening there was something of a spot at one end, or how can you account for the left-handed bowlers bowling over the wicket? Anyway, England would have had no great chance of taking that opportunity had it not been for the great recovery in batting made by Hendren on the first day, which was consummated on the next day, first by Leyland and Ames, and later by G. O. Allen and Verity. It used to be said, and I, for one, never knew why, that Hendren lacked the Test Match temperament. Actually, he has played some very brave innings in Australia, and his performances this year at Trent Bridge and Old Trafford are not those of a man who is affected by the big occasion. As a matter of fact, he looks to me much more at home in a Test Match than some of the others. The same is still said about O'Connor, because in one Test Match against South Africa he got a nasty crack on the finger, and in the other innings was out to a really super ball. I saw it. He, therefore, I always write down as having been a little unlucky to be passed over on the assumption by his critics, among other things, that he plays rather brainlessly. Certainly Hendren, for his part, did not play brainlessly at Old Trafford, nor did Ames and Leyland. Ames played just the same unselfish game when he was in with Leyland that he had done at Lord's. For a man who is naturally a fast scorer on a quick wicket to hold himself in check when Leyland was going for the runs, as he did, is the mark of a real cricketer.

YEARS ago, when Leyland first came on the scene, I declared that he ought to be booked to play in every Test Match for the next twelve years, but since then he has made some people lose a little of their faith in him. Never have I seen him play anything approaching so well as he did at Old Trafford. He did make one rather hurried stroke off O'Reilly, which whizzed past second slip's ear, but for the rest he was as sound as could be. No modern batsman stands so still on his feet as Leyland; he is the same when he is at the non-striking end, never attempting to stir until he actually has to start to back up. A man of a quite unusually equable temperament, and incidentally of immense physical strength, his forearms being the biggest ever I did see. His off-driving was as perfectly timed as it could be, and his hitting to leg, either square or round to long leg, made a sound like a giant pile-driver.

Oxford v. Cambridge

D. F. Walker, who made 7, and D. C. H. Townsend, who made top score with 193, going out to open the Oxford batting

IF that was to be admired, so, too, was the way in which the Australian bowlers stuck to their work. O'Reilly is a strong man, and does not take it terribly out of himself, but the way in which Wall runs every time from somewhere near the other end of the field and yet at the end of the day is bowling away as hard as ever is a matter for the greatest admiration. So too, were the Australians to be admired when, having lost a wicket early on Saturday evening, and with Bradman, Chipperfield and Woodfull all gargling in their dressing-room, they yet took the score to 136 that evening without further loss.

AND now I come to my investigations. I took down a list of all the Amateurs who have played for England against Australia, either in this country or in Australia, and looked up at what schools they had learned their cricket, being challenged by my loquacious friend of the Press box to find more than three Etonians. Actually there are ten—G. O. Allen, B. J. T. Bosanquet, N. Haig, Lord Harris, the Hon. A. Lyttelton, C. T. Studd, Lord Tennyson, the Hon. I. Bligh, H. Phillipson and G. B. Studd. Next came Uppingham and Repton, each with five, Uppingham's being A. P. F. Chapman, S. Christopherson, A. P. Lucas, P. Macgregor and S. S. Schultz; and Repton's being C. B. Fry, L. C. H. Palairet, J. N. Crawford, F. G. T. Ford and R. A. Young (a very strong lot that).

CURIOUSLY, neither Harrow nor Winchester can claim more than four. The Harrovians are A. N. Hornby, Sir Stanley Jackson, A. C. Maclaren and A. J. Webbe; and the Wykehamists are A. J. Evans, J. Shuter, D. R. Jardine and J. R. Mason. Rugby also have four, P. F. Warner, C. F. H Leslie, G. F. Vernon and E. R. Wilson. There are three Marlburians, R. H. Spooner, A. G. Steel and N. F. Druce; and two each from Charterhouse (Major E. G. Wynyard and F. L. Fane), Malvern (D. J. Knight and R. E. Foster), and Clifton (C. L. Townsend and E. F. S. Tylecote). Of other schools Cheltenham have K. S. Duleepsinhji (whereas Haileybury have no one); Dulwich claim A. E. R. Gilligan; K. L. Hutchings is the sole representative of Tonbridge; R. W. V. Robins was at Highgate; J. W. H. T. Douglas at Felstead; V P. Royle at Rossall; J. Cranston at Taunton School; P. G. H. Fender at St. Paul's; A. W. Carr at Sherborne; A O. Jones at Bedford Modern; and L. H. Gay (who, like A. Lyttelton, was both a full "Soccer" and Cricket International) was at Brighton College. Among those men there have been fourteen Oxford Blues and nineteen Cambridge Blues.

The Third Test Match at Old Trafford

First aid for Brown, after a blow from Clark

R. E. S. Wyatt

Allen hitting to leg

England's top scorer: Leyland, the Yorkshire left-hander

W. A. Oldfield keeping wicket for Australia

Sutcliffe caught in the slips by Chipperfield

Hard luck for Wyatt. Bowled first ball

Allen skies a ball, but the catch is missed

W. M. Woodfull

Sketches by Rouson

The umpire watching Allen, who bowled 4 no-balls and 3 wides in the first over

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Some Holiday Reading

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. JOHN BUCHAN has gone to the Napoleonic Wars for the background of his new novel, *The Free Fishers* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), but the wars actually play a very tiny part. They merely serve as the excuse for a mysterious, and rather nebulous, gang of spies who are supposed to be plotting, rather vaguely, against the country. The hero is one Professor Antony Lammas, occupier of the Chair of Philosophy at the University of St. Andrew's, and he is a very typical Buchan character. Very honest, very brave, very full of generous admiration of his superiors, very chivalrous and devoted as a lover, Nanty Lammas wins through against the gang and deserves well of his country. He is assisted in this hazardous undertaking by his colleagues in a freemasonry called the Free Fishers of Forth, and by an English Corinthian baronet, Sir Turnour Wyse. Sir Turnour is a capital figure, and the descriptions of his prowess with the "ribbons" on the box of a coach are in the best vein of Conan Doyle. But there is something sadly lacking in *The Free Fishers*. It never comes to life. The villainy of the villain is so very unconvincing, and the great plot is so lightly sketched in, and the adventures are so painfully lacking in sparkle or excitement or originality that the book gives the impression of stolid dullness. And as for the use of coincidence, really Mr. Buchan has surpassed even his own pretty considerable claims to the title of the Coincidence King of modern fiction. No sooner does any character hear of the existence of any other character than they instantly meet by pure chance. One side has a boat in the Forth, the other has a pub. in Norfolk. Both are called The Merry Month. And so it goes on throughout the whole book, until the effect becomes simply rather ludicrous. It is slovenly story-telling, and Mr. Buchan at his best is so magnificent a story-teller that it is a very great pity that he should descend to such devices. Needless to say, his descriptions are as fine as ever.

Sasha

Merton Hodge

Author of "The Wind and the Rain," which has just passed its 300th performance, and adaptor of "Men in White" for the English stage. Merton Hodge is a doctor by profession. The photograph of him was taken in his Ebury Street flat

"CONCERT PITCH" is the title of Miss Theodora Benson's new novel. Miss Benson has written it in the fashionable picaresque style which dispenses with plot and form, which is liable to introduce new characters practically on the last page of the book, and which allows the author to skip nimbly about from scene to scene, and from continent to continent. Her characters are theatrical folk of the lesser sort, touring "troupers," music-hall turns, and they make love, and chatter, and intrigue, with great vivacity. For Miss Benson has the very great merit of speed and energy in her writing. There is nothing ponderous about it. She snaps along at a brisk rate all the time. It is true that her characters are pretty second-rate folk, selfish, unmoral, mercenary. But at least they move. They may be only puppets, but they definitely dance, and the hands that hold the wires are never still. And Miss Benson's descriptions of New York are brilliantly done. She suddenly drops her sparkling puppets and throws herself into a chapter or two of real writing about real people. *Concert Pitch* is not only a very readable book, it may turn out to be a forerunner of bigger stuff yet to come.

PROFESSOR A. P. LAURIE is, or has been, during a versatile life, a slum-worker, Principal of an Edinburgh school, an organiser of strikes, a research chemist, an expert in the detection of forged Old Masters, a maker of munitions, an educationist, an economist, and a politician. He has written a few of his reminiscences in *Pictures and Politics* (International Publishing Co.; 6*s.*), and this short book is so full of amusing stories and interesting stuff, and plain, blunt, fighting opinions, written without fear or favour, that one is left wishing that he had made it three times as long. One of his stories is about Sedgwick, the biologist, who was peering into his microscope when a certain very formidable lady-don of Newnham was announced. "Tell her to go to hell," said Sedgwick, without looking up. Then he did look up, and saw her standing beside him. His apology was: "God damn it, Madam, I didn't mean that." During the war, a wonderful bullet for setting fire to Zeppelins was brought to the Ministry of Munitions. It was called the Pomeroy bullet, and naturally there was great excitement about it. Then a strange thing happened. "The secret was most carefully guarded, yet one of our staff found some Pomeroy bullets on a coster's old-metal cart in Gray's Inn Road. The whole place was buzzing with excitement; Scotland Yard was busy; but the mystery was never solved." I sincerely hope that this amusing and instructive book is only the first volume of several. It is maddening, for instance, to be told that Dr. Laurie believes that he saw "Jack the Ripper" in Whitechapel, and then to be told nothing more about it.

THIS is the season for the reading of short stories. It is too hot to embark upon a twelve-volume history of the Popes, or Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. A short story between bathes on a holiday, or after the second round of golf, that is more the ticket. Messrs. Faber and Faber have published an anthology of them, with a very irritating title, *My Naughtiest Story* (7*s.* 6*d.*), each one being chosen by its author. The title gives an entirely wrong impression of giggling in a smoking-room. Actually, the stories are not "naughty" at all, and over and over again the reader finds himself not murmuring, as he ought, "What an excellent story," but, "Is that the best he can do in the way of naughtiness? His others must be pretty dull." The most prominent contributors to this Symposium of Bad Boys and Girls are Mesdames Marguerite Steen, and May Edginton; and Messieurs Alec Waugh, Leonard Merrick, and James Laver; and many of the stories are quite exceptionally good.

ANOTHER volume of tales is Mr. Gilbert Frankau's *Secret Services*. All Mr. Frankau's heroes are so supernaturally efficient, and so well groomed, and so very, very cosmopolitan that they begin to grow tedious if taken in large doses. Mr. Marcus Orlando is one of these gentlemen, and his efficiency is such that even his creator sometimes finds it difficult to explain exactly how his startling results are achieved. The problem is set and then—presto! solved. This, I think, is more a result of careless construction than anything else. *Secret Services* is a book for a very lazy holiday. No one's brains will be fagged out in the reading of it, even on the hottest of anti-cyclone days.

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of Perfection
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Save Travel-Time by Air

By Charles Ward

Recent visitors from the Continent as guests of the Hospitality Committee of the Royal Aero Club have included Prince Kinsky, President of the Aero Club of Vienna, seen on the right, and Count Starhemberg

Right: a new picture of the Earl of Essex, taken at Hanworth. He is the owner of one of the latest types of British Klemm monoplanes, one of the safest aircraft for the private owner who wants a comfortable open tourer at a moderate price

To the Continent for the Day

IN the summer months, a day's shopping trip to Paris is easy to arrange; in fact, no arranging is necessary, for there are liners leaving Croydon from 8.30 in the morning, and the return flight can be made up till 6.30 in the evening. By Air France, passengers can get 7½ hours in Paris, leaving Croydon at 8.30 a.m., connections at the other end being made by the Company's cars, which reach the centre of the city at a quarter to eleven. The last 'plane on the French service leaves Paris at 6.25 p.m., passengers being back in London at 9.30. Still further increases in speed have been obtained with the Golden Clipper class, wheel spats being responsible for the latest gain of five miles an hour. A succession of minor alterations to the original Clipper, which did 145 flat out, has brought the speed up to nearly 180. For a summer holiday, try the Balearic Islands, which can be reached from Marseilles in 2¼ hours. The Air France service makes use of the latest in four-engined flying-boats, with connections to and from London by the regular line serving the South of France. A fifteen-day return ticket costs £29, passengers leaving London at 9.10 a.m., arriving at Palma at noon on the following day, having spent the night at an hotel in Marseilles.

An Air-Cruise of Europe

THE introduction of air-cruising for the passenger, as distinct from the private owner who can fly when and where he pleases, has been delayed for the reason that regular services have claimed all the modern liners, except, perhaps, during the winter, when cruising is not such fun. The first escorted air-cruise of some of the European capitals has been arranged by the Polytechnic Touring Association in conjunction with Imperial Airways. An air liner of the Heracles class will leave London on Saturday next for Amsterdam, afterwards proceeding to Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Venice, Rome, Marseilles, and Paris. The cruise will occupy fourteen days and the charge is 75 guineas, including, of course, first-class hotel accommodation. "Shore" excursions in the approved style by motor-car, with couriers to explain places of interest, will be a feature of the cruise. An air liner able to proceed in a direct line from place to place, over land as well as sea, has a distinct advantage over a steamer for a cruising holiday. By sea, the places visited must, of necessity, be near the coast, whereas every city of importance is on the air map and, in addition, the high speed of air travel enables the maximum of time to be spent in sight-seeing and other amusements. By way of contrast to a tour de luxe, there are pleasure flights for sunny days from Croydon, organised by Olley Air Services. The most popular trip is that to Whitstable, Herne Bay, Dover, and Hastings, the fare being 32s. 6d. for the round trip from Croydon. From six to eight people make up each party, the aircraft used being Dragons. The private owners' week-end at Bonn, on the Rhine, was enjoyed by all, and especially the excursion to test the wine in the largest cellar in Germany. Other diversions were arranged by the Burgomaster, who had invited the party as guests of the old university town.

Miss Winifred Drinkwater, one of the few ladies in the country who practise as commercial pilots, has become engaged recently to Mr. Francis Short, a director of the well-known firm of aircraft constructors at Rochester

New 'Planes for Pleasure or Profit

AMONGST small and medium-sized civil aircraft, there is as yet no dividing line between those suitable for the private owner and those for use as air-taxis, or even for freight haulage. Every make has its private and trade owners, the differences in the arrangement and decoration of the cabins distinguishing one from the other. At the S.B.A.C. display, staged at Hendon, there were no new types which could be placed, strictly speaking, in the private-owner class, except the Airspeed "Envoy," for the customer able to afford luxury. The "Envoy" has two Wolseley motors and will carry six passengers, pilot and fuel for 400 miles at a cruising speed of 150. The Courier, with the Rapier engine, gave an impressive performance. It was entered for the King's Cup Race flown last Saturday, but these notes are written before its racing performance is known. Sir Alan Cobham gave me an interesting comparison between the standard Courier, which has a 240-h.p. "Lynx" engine, and a D.H.9 of the war period, which had a 240-h.p. Siddeley "Puma" engine. In the course of the first private charter trip round Europe in 1921, he piloted a D.H.9, carrying one passenger, 5500 miles in eighty hours' flying time. A month or so ago, the Marquis of Donegall and Mr. G. d'Erlanger made a similar tour of Europe in a Courier in 41½ hours, two passengers being carried at nearly double the speed. Both the Short "Scion" and the Monospar S.T.10 are now fitted with Pobjoy "Niagara" engines, with consequent benefit to the performance in each case. The Monospar is fast and definitely in the de luxe class, whereas the "Scion" specialises in weight-lifting and exceptional economy in operation. It is in use on the ferry service from Rochester to Southend, and on an air service in Scotland. The Hornet Moth, which was not exhibited at Hendon, is an experimental side-by-side two-seater cabin type, designed by Captain de Havilland in order to try out the merits of a small coupé with the aforesaid sociable seating. Its performances in the King's Cup Race will determine whether we have yet another Moth on the market.

The SUMMER SPORTING.

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MONTE CARLO BEACH

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Drink or Drown!

Major Deed disappears temporarily inside the Coronation Cup, which is supported by Major Jack Harrison, whose team, the Knaves, had just won it in great style from Aurora. The goals were six to three, and the match was played at Ranelagh

As I see it, it is high time that the world took a saner view of sport. As things are, lawn tennis, golf, cricket, football and the rest have ceased to become games of skill alone; they are merely fierce competitions—little "wars," if you like—in which the fittest, and not necessarily the most skilful, survive.

We've had some pretty disturbing illustrations these last few weeks of the strain which modern high-speed sport, with all its demands on eye, hand, and nerve, throws on our champions. I'm no psychologist, but as I travel along the sport-ways I do note the danger signals which reveal the nervous tension of our performers at Wimbledon, Lord's, and elsewhere.

There was "Bunny" Austin's burst of petulance when he met the loose-limbed Frank Xavier Shields for a place in the Wimbledon semi-finals. There was Austin taking drop-kicks at his racket and banging balls high and hard up among the spectators. Bad sportsmanship? Not a bit of it. Why, Austin is a great little sportsman who can stand a licking as well as the next. All that was the matter with him was a bout of "nerves," due to the strain of intensive tennis.

And if anyone still harbours a suspicion that Austin was just a bit peevish at seeing a match stolen from him after he had had it in his pocket, we've got more concrete evidence of the stress of modern Wimbledon in the reaction of Dorothy Round after her great victory over Helen Jacobs. There was no flag-wagging by Miss Round when she won the deciding set: instead, she gave vent to her pent-up emotions in a good, old-fashioned weep! And don't forget that she was the winner.

So it goes on through sport, with nerves taking toll. Look at the Australian cricketers, going down one after another with throat trouble. Yet these sun-bronzed, strapping fellows from "down under" are supposed to be physically fit—they've had, and will have, long days in the sun and air with none of the worries of the average man. Even so, in one fell swoop they go down with illness and are packed off to bed by anxious doctors.

Why is it? Well, to my mind, the answer is that these Australians are sacrificing their nerves—their peace of mind, if you like—on the high altar of the great god Cricket. They are desperately anxious to beat England; so, keyed to concert-pitch, they have no reserves of strength when a spot of illness comes creeping into their camp.

And, by the way, I can tell you that during the Old Trafford Test there was more than a

(*Continued on page 136*)

Australian Wet Bobs

Two of the Australian team for the British Empire Games, photographed on the Orient liner Ormonde, on which they arrived in London last week. They are Miss Clare Dennis, who holds every breast-stroke swimming record for women in Australia, and Miss Lesley Thompson, the diver of the Australian team

Swaebe

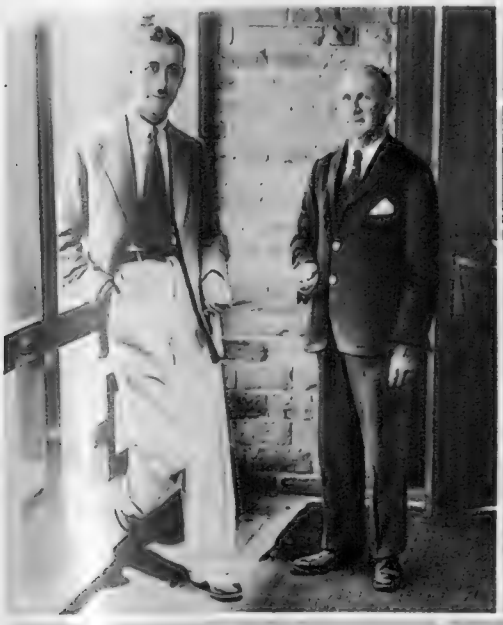
A Country-House Cricket Match: Rush Court Play the Yellowhammers at Rush Court, Wallingford

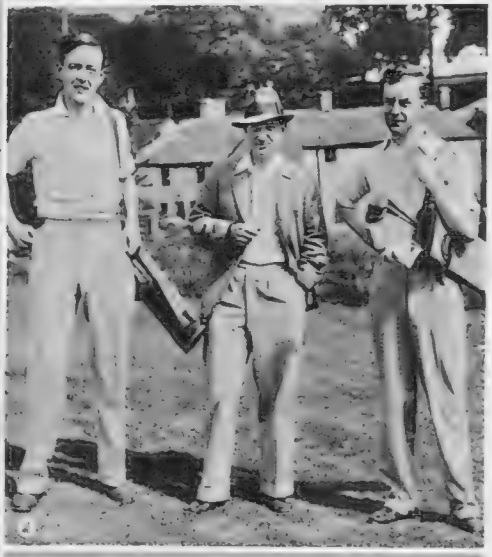
The Rush Court team, back row—F. M. Upson, Pat Lawrence, R. E. C. Butterworth, J. Butterworth, Jim Lawrence, Harold Mills, Stuart Forsythe, R. Upson, Major J. E. Collins; front row—H. A. Haigh-Smith, C. H. Pillman, J. R. Upson, captain and host, J. A. Stout, Hamer Bagnall

The Yellowhammers Cricket Club team: Back row—G. A. K. Collins, R. H. Brooker, C. W. B. Tress, G. Tooth, C. W. Langlands, C. T. Bennett, A. R. Robertson, G. S. Barrow; front row—A. R. Tanner, L. C. Barrow, L. Marzetti, C. A. Perkins, R. H. King

Golf Clubs at Home

Captains' Prize Day at Buxton and High Peak





(1) Wilfred Scholes, Captain of the Club, and F. W. Mann, Secretary. (2) E. G. Clayton and G. F. Strange, a Derbyshire County player. (3) C. H. Howard, Hon. Sec., and the Rev. W. H. Foster Pegg, ex-President of the English Golf Union. (4) J. R. Murray, a member of the Handicap Committee, and G. B. Johnson (5) B. B. Slater and A. F. Beadle (Committee). (6) W. M. MacTaggart and W. J. Slater. (7) A. R. Williams (Committee) and Jack Tarr. (8) E. L. Judson, G. E. Ost, an ex-Captain, and R. E. France-Hayhurst. (9) W. C. Harris and C. J. Parr (Committee)

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 134)*

fear that Don Bradman was on the verge of a breakdown—this apart from his throat trouble. I am not one of the alarmists, but I do believe that the Bradman we have been seeing so far this season is not the lad who came over here four years ago to give us a revelation in the mechanics of batsmanship.

I have, too, a suspicion that Bradman's changed style—the hit-or-miss stuff he 's been giving us—is pretty good indication of the "nerve bogey." Old cricketers with whom I have lazed away more than one of these genial days of summer are all very much of the opinion that Bradman is lacking his old-time concentration.

As with cricket so with golf. Our new Champion, Henry Cotton, is a highly-strung player; before now, his temperament has displeased some of the golf "galleries"—ignorant of the rigours of big-match play, they have not realised just how Cotton's nerves have been near breaking-point. It was at Southport in the not-so-long-ago, I believe, that Cotton hurled a ball off the course after one particularly disastrous hole. Just nerves, that 's all!

All this, of course, makes our sports stars look very much like a crowd of howling neurotics. Well, I 'm not saying things are as bad as that—they aren't—but I do earnestly put forward the plea for a more reasonable attitude towards games.

To-day, we are taking sport much too seriously; indeed, you 'd think the fate of nations hung on the result of a Wimbledon Centre Court duel, or, for that matter, that the world was tottering to its doom because England were winning—or losing—a game of cricket.

And I 'm very much afraid that you and I and the fellow over the garden wall are the chaps who have helped to bring this new spirit into games. For we make up the crowd; we are the generating stations, as it were, charging the performers down on the tennis court or out on the cricket or football field with electricity. We 've forgotten that the game 's the thing—instead, we 've made the *result the thing*! Small wonder, then, that sport stars are nerve-frayed with the demands that we, of the crowd, make upon them.

After all that, I come on to the Davis Cup, which is as strenuous a test as international tennis can offer. Well, what chances have England to retain the trophy? Frankly, I think we 're going to have a pretty stiff fight of it—especially if we are to meet America in the challenge round, as I think we will.

Our chief hope, of course, is Fred Perry. This buoyant new British Champion—a home product, for once in a way—has the beating of Frank Shields and the other member of the American brigade in the singles. Then it will be up to Austin to win at least one of his singles: and here, I think, he has the beating of Sydney Wood—especially after a rest from the hurly-burly of Wimbledon.

Yes, Austin looks to be the key-man of the match, for I do not think we 'll find the doubles giving us the odd victory to make the Cup ours once again. So there we are: two wins for Perry and one for Austin, and that 's that . . . at least, on paper!

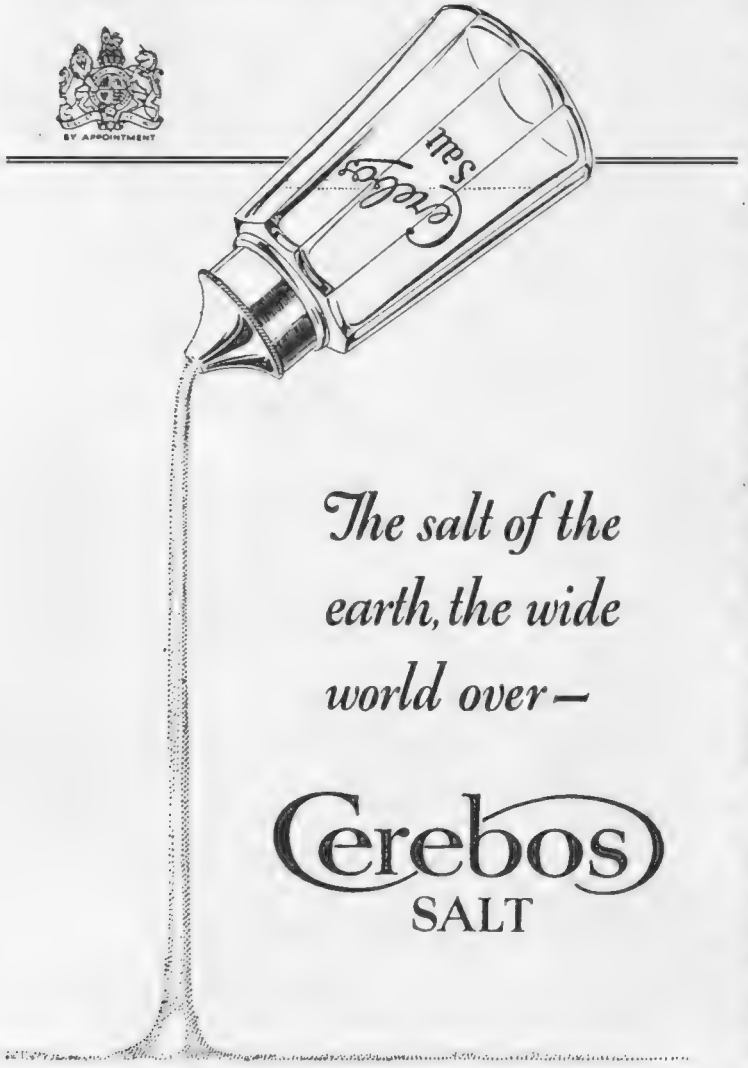
By this time, the smoke has drifted away from the Old Trafford battleground and we have seen what we have seen. Of course, just now the result is all-important, but in the years to come I think we 'll remember those overs from O'Reilly and Allen when we 've only a dim recollection of the fortunes of the game.

What contrasts those two famous overs were, to be sure! First O'Reilly's three wickets in four balls—then Allen's three wides and four no-balls! As for O'Reilly, who, with his slightly bald head, has a venerable appearance which belies his years, he will rank with Sir Stanley Jackson and Cobden, the Cambridge fast bowler in the 'Varsity match of 1870. Sir Stanley, you may remember, took the wickets of Hill, Darling, and Noble in one over in the Trent Bridge Test of 1905—and when the Australians' score stood at ninety for the loss of a wicket!

And Cobden bowled himself to fame by snatching victory from Oxford when the Dark Blues wanted only three to win, with three wickets in hand. What happened? Cobden just sent three disconsolate Oxford batsmen tumbling back to the pavilion without one of 'em getting as much as a single.

Allen, of course, achieves immortality along with E. M. Grace—the "Coroner"—who, in a match in his native Gloucestershire, bowled one of the most disastrous overs ever. Grace, I believe, was hit for thirty-six runs! Very respectfully, for "the Coroner" was a power in his own land, someone suggested another bowler should be tried. "What!" exclaimed Grace, very much outraged. "Try another bowler? Why, man, the batsman's nibbling—I 'll get him yet!"

Poor Allen! Cricketers will talk about that thirteen-ball over for many a long day. And, inevitably, I suppose, his name will be coupled with that classic story of the new club bowler who, to the surprise of a late arrival, had been kept on all the afternoon. "Still bowling?" he queried. "Must be pretty good." To which came the withering reply: "The blighter 's still on his first over—been bowling wides for the last two hours!"



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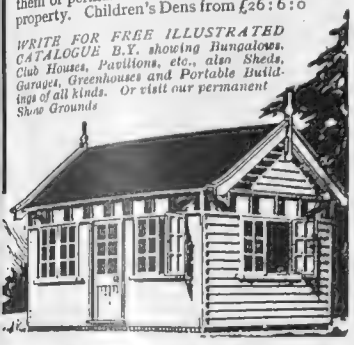

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Miss Grace Amory (America) and Miss Beryl Pockett (West Sussex) at Le Touquet. The latter was beaten in the 1st round by Miss Pam Barton, the only English semi-finalist

Women's Golf

Placid Is As Placid Does

By Eleanor E. Helme

The French Ladies' Open Championship at Le Touquet

Miss Diana Esmond (St. Cloud) and Miss Kathleen Garnham (Naze), who was knocked out by Miss Grace Amory in the 3rd round

Miss Lulu Esmond (St. Cloud) and Miss Mervyn Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey). The English girl was beaten in the first round

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I PROMISED you last week to discuss the thorny question of British phlegm as a help or a hindrance to producing the best golf, and promises must be carried out. Of course, at the moment, phlegm seems the most desirable attribute in the world, for a golfer or anybody else. To stand bovinely under the shade of a tree, up to your knees in water, without worrying what the temperature is or might become, as one sees cows doing in idyllic pictures, would appear the height of bliss. Only the trouble is that complete placidity does not win championships at golf or at anything else.

Here we are at the controversial point right away, regardless of the temperature. If it is too hot to argue, let me grant certain premises straight away. Then I will state those which appear to me to refute them; and thereafter, if anybody who reads this page is full enough of energy to want to start a counter argument, let them.

Granted, then, in the first place, that the wildly excitable temperament is unsuitable for golf. He or she who plunges off the deep end at the first six on her card, who tears it to bits in holy horror at a seven, vows to give up the game at an eight, and keeps the vow at a ten, is admittedly and patently no fit devotee of the Royal and Ancient game.

Granted, secondly, that the placid golfer, with feelings as immovable as her face, will do extremely well up to a point. She will quickly arrive at single figures; she will be a most dependable member of a club team, seldom or never losing to those whom she ought obviously to beat; she will never tear up her card; she will always be there or thereabouts (mostly abouts) for the monthly medal. When she goes to a championship she will experience no such sensations as attack the more highly strung on the first tee; she will be quite conscious all the time of how she means to swing the club, of whom she ought to beat, and who will undoubtedly beat her. She will spring no surprises, nor experience any.

BUT now I am going to give you my contentions, which answer both those arguments in one, and then risk being personal by a few illustrations drawn from golfers whose names are household words.

Briefly, what I hold is this. No depths, no heights. The golfer who never feels like going off the deep end at a temporary disaster will never be spurred by it to do something better than she would otherwise have done; the player who cannot feel the inspiration of a great occasion will never rise to one. Probably it is all rather subconscious, if it is to be effective, just as the physical balance of body and rhythm of swing ought to be the result of practice that has built them into a golfing structure so instinctive that they are as natural as drawing your breath or putting one foot in front of the other. I mean, the player who consciously and elaborately says to herself "That six was dreadful; I must make a mighty effort and wipe it out with a three at the next hole," is extremely likely to have another six, because she will be thinking of the effort she means to make instead of merely each shot as she plays it. Similarly, the player who works herself up into a frenzy over the importance of the occasion will again be concentrating on the occasion, and her very rightful determination to make no fool of herself, rather than on the individual shots as they come along. But the really fine, responsive temperament, with nerves existent but completely under control, will react to the spur, will instinctively make the added effort, will be in the mood when every sense is a little more alert than ordinarily, when she will perform prodigies of valour quite beyond her in cold blood.

TAKE the players who have the greatest number of Open Championships to their credit, Miss Enid Wilson, Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss Cecil Leitch, and I defy anybody who knows them well to say that any one of those three is fundamentally placid. Miss Wilson may appear slow-moving; it is the slow movement only of a long-stroke engine, hiding a mint of nervous energy behind it; only those who see her at the close of a championship know quite what has been taken out of her by the control of nervous excitement hidden painfully and with effort by a great show of deliberation. Miss Wethered, in the same way, hides tortures of nervous response to the excitement of big golf by an air of indifference that deceived a good many onlookers, but did not make the exhaustion of the struggle any less to her. Miss Cecil Leitch, frankly and without disguise, was figuratively up on her toes like any thoroughbred on the way to the post, or show jumper entering the ring. The big occasion to her was the breath of golf.

Now all these three, with the spur of the big occasion, touched heights that they did not scale on other occasions. I had nearly written "did not trouble to scale." I do not mean that any of them deliberately played slackly or carelessly because nothing hung on a result; but the hidden urge, the inspiration was lacking.

Therefore, if any golfer tells me she does not know what it is to be nervous I may hold my tongue, for nobody should produce such unpleasant things as nerves artificially; but I think to myself: "Wait; until you know what they are you will never be Open Champion."

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME

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What's On *(Continued)*

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

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ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant.

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NETHERLANDS EXHIBITION: Dorland Hall.

SPORT

CRICKET.—England v. Australia, Fourth Test Match: Leeds, July 20th, 21st, 23rd, 24th.

Royal Navy v. Army: Lord's, July 23rd.

TENNIS.—Frinton-on-Sea: to July 21st.

Herga L.T.C.: Harrow, to July 21st.

Davis Cup, Inter-Zone Final: Wimbledon, July 21st, 23rd, 24th.

Inter-County Championships: from July 23rd.

GOLF.—England v. France: Wentworth, July 21st.

Scottish Amateur Championship: St. Andrews, July 23rd.

POLO.—King's Coronation Cup: Ranelagh, July 16th-21st.

Social Clubs' Cup: Hurlingham, July 16th-21st.

Empire (Prince of Wales's) Cup: Hurlingham, July 18th.

Military Handicap Challenge Cup: Roehampton, July 21st.

RACING.—Second July Meeting: Newmarket, July 17th-19th.

Eclipse Meeting: Sandown, July 19th-21st.

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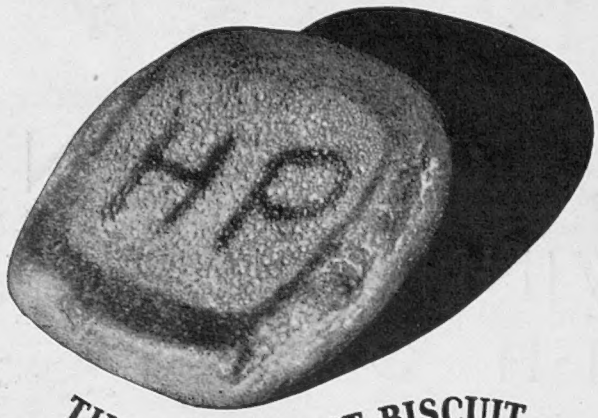

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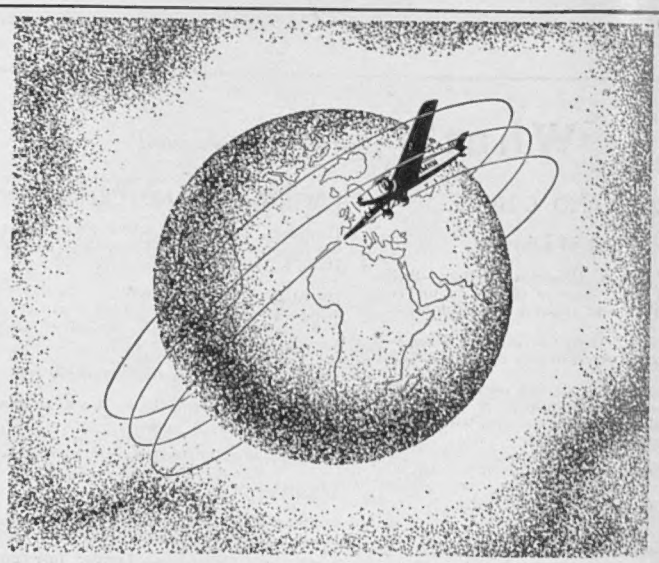

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